

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

AUGUST 15, 1942

WHO'S WHO

WILLIAM A. DONAGHY, S.J. is serving temporarily on the AMERICA Staff after having completed his theological studies at Weston College. He has done graduate work in English Literature at St. Louis University and has been a frequent contributor of prose and poetry to this Review and other periodicals. . . . PAUL L. BLAKELY, child of Kentucky, warns against a deluge of pagan and ugly hatred which makes war even more like hell than it necessarily must be. . . . GIRALDA FORBES was born on her father's tea plantation in Cachar, Assam, and spent many years in India. She has published a book of verse and contributed to various magazines here and in Europe. . . . SYDNEY JUDAH, S.J., a native Jamaican Jesuit who made his studies in England and the United States, is, at present, director of the Cooperative and Credit Union Movement in Jamaica. . . . GERALD J. SCHNEPP, S.M., of St. Mary's University, San Antonio, Tex., gives the results of an actual survey of reasons given for not sending Catholic children to parochial schools. The material is taken from Brother Schnep's doctoral dissertation, *Leakage from a Catholic Parish*, at the School of Social Work of the Catholic University of America. . . . MICHAEL KENT, author of *The Mass of Brother Michel* tenders thanks to the critics, who have apparently discovered in this novel something absolutely unique in the annals of letters. . . . HAROLD C. GARDINER, Literary Editor, is reminded that long novels do not spring from mere genius. . . . COLONEL CONRAD H. LANZA, U.S.A. inaugurates in this issue a regular column on the progress of the war. He is a well known strategist and writer on military affairs.

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COMMENT

AS we go to press, the decision is pending of the All-India Congress party. Will the Congress finally ratify the campaign for civil disobedience to be employed unless Great Britain immediately relinquish its rule over India? Mahatma Gandhi warns:

If Japan attacks India, and Britain makes no response to its appeal, the committee will expect all those who look to the Congress for guidance to offer complete non-violent non-cooperation to the Japanese forces, and not render any assistance to them.

What Gandhi intends to do or not to do is, after all, not a matter for much profitable speculation. Tucked in his loin-cloth, along with the technique of Satyagraha, appears to be also a certain technique of mystification. He is not averse to keeping the powers that be guessing and does not worry unduly about detailed consistency in his various pronouncements. Immediately at issue is whether the Indians, if independence is granted them, can be depended upon to keep their country out of internal chaos; to defend it effectively against eventual aggression from without. The British Government is positive that neither of these assumptions can be dreamt of, under present circumstances. The president of the Congress party, Maulana Abul Kalam Azad, is certain that the transfer of government could be accomplished without chaos. The Indian dilemma is one more instance of a matter which ought to have been settled in peace time being deferred to time of war. The wisest course for an American is to suspend judgment and await developments.

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DURING the course of war, especially under modern conditions, national unity is essential to victory. It is also essential, if a democracy such as ours be a party to the struggle, that regular elections be held according to schedule. But between these two essentials—national unity and democratic elections—there can obviously arise a conflict of opinions which may endanger the whole war effort. In the passionate intensity of a political campaign, charges may be made which will cast doubt and suspicion on the very purposes for which we are fighting and dying. For this reason, the recent plea of Wendell Willkie to the Republican Party to take the question of war and war-aims out of the coming elections should meet with general approval. The Republicans are asked by their titular head to pledge themselves to complete victory over totalitarianism and to the establishment after the war of some kind of international political and economic organization designed to prevent the recurrence of "the frightful suffering of modern warfare." If these fundamental issues are not raised in the fall campaigns, the elections will leave the nation as united on the war as it now appears

to be. In fact, the efficiency of the war effort may even be enhanced by such a course, since the candidates, agreed on fundamentals, will be free to concentrate their energies on the management and conduct of the struggle. The only opposition to Mr. Willkie's proposal is likely to come from that die-hard minority in his Party which still believes that the United States can live an isolated existence in a world where London is only a dozen hours by plane from New York.

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STATEMENTS by Mr. Petrillo pack a punch worthy of the infighter for AFM. No matter how unsympathetic many are to his timing of this plea about an old and sore issue, everyone has to admit his July 31 answer to Elmer Davis was a refreshing contrast to many off-the-point personal attacks on him by our newspapers. Mr. Petrillo is the *de facto* leader of musicianship in its crusade for a bigger share of the pile—which has been the only philosophy of most for some years now. He clearly takes his methods from the larger technique of a system wherein production for use has ceased to have a meaning. Why not Mr. Petrillo, too? His letter to the OWI Chief comes to this: electrical transcription if used once hurts nobody and to use it once was the original intention; juke boxes make money for all concerned except the musicians; AFM holds nothing against recordings for home consumption, and in patriotic efforts it is willing to stand by the record. The night before, Mr. Petrillo had asked a reporter: "Why can't we all live?" As voice for 138,000 trained, professional musicians, whose "sunk" capital is in their fingers, arms and lungs, this is a very sensible question. It may indicate a reason for not becoming a musician, of course, at least now. In any event, Mr. Petrillo may have more questions with which to answer an eight-point Federal suit now filed in quest of an injunction to nullify the ban on canned music.

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MUCH misunderstanding as to any sanction of racial discrimination in the field of baseball should be cleared away by the frank statement of L. S. MacPhail, president of the Brooklyn Baseball Club, to the effect that there is no rule in organized baseball barring colored players. A similar declaration was made recently by Judge Kenesaw M. Landis, commissioner of baseball. Mr. MacPhail's pronouncement was given in response to a letter addressed to him by the Rev. Raymond J. Campion, pastor of St. Peter Claver's Church, Brooklyn. Said Father Campion: "One of the outstanding causes of complaint among colored people has been the fact that the major professional baseball leagues have not opened their ranks in recent years to col-

ored players." Not so convincing as his declaration of principle was Mr. MacPhail's argument that the employment of Negroes in major-league teams would mean the "raiding" of Negro leagues, so that "hundreds of Negro players would not have the opportunity at all to play professional baseball." To this conjecture Father Campion briskly replied that the major leagues are "constantly recruiting players from the minor leagues. I know that this has proven a benefit to minor league ball clubs. . . . Why could not colored boys be given similar opportunities?" Reassuring is the news that Mr. MacPhail has agreed to meet with Father Campion and the members of his committee in the near future, along with the executives of colored baseball teams, to thrash out the problem. Let us hope that the wheat of justice, not the chaff of buck-passing, is thrashed out of the conference.

THE WAACs and the WAVES are now realities and women are actually and officially in the Army and Navy. The delicate and important question of uniforms has been settled and now training camps are testing the mettle of the feminine recruits. The idea of the volunteer participation of women in certain phases of military life is not necessarily to be condemned, provided that there is no neglect of family obligations. But the instinctive prejudice against it which is shared by most men and many women may arise from an innate sense of fitness which lies too deep for argument. To many people the likely defeminizing influence of army and navy life on women is a deplorable prospect; the whole thing seems to fit more into the pattern and spirit of Communism or Nazism than to a Christian concept of life. However, as long as this service remains voluntary, the "viewers with alarm" cannot appeal to much more than their instincts and prejudices. Any attempt to draft women for war work in any form, would be another matter. That would be a downright danger to family life and a complete victory, as directors of the Catholic Daughters of America declared recently, for "hysteria and alien ideas."

OUT of an original field of sixty-four accepted competitors, three models were selected as possible for the statue of Christ the Light of the World, to be erected at the headquarters of the National Catholic Welfare Conference in Washington, D. C. The choosing was done by five internationally known judges after two days of exhaustive scrutiny; and the favorable judgment was rendered for Robert C. Koepnick, of Dayton, Ohio; Suzanne Nicolas, of New York; and George Kratina, of New York. Each of these competitors works from an impressive background of study and achievements. Final decision will be rendered in October of this year. In the meantime, the sculptors have been asked to revise their models in accordance with recommendations made by the jury. In charge of the competition is the Liturgical Arts Society. The Rt. Rev. Michael J. Ready, General Secretary of the

N.C.W.C., together with the Rev. Dr. Howard J. Carroll, Assistant General Secretary, were brought in to sit with the jury in its final deliberations. The three accepted models show a profound difference in their respective approach to the question of conformity to, or contrast with, the location and space they are to occupy. With unity of general purpose, there is a marked individuality in interpretation. At the conclusion of this first stage in the competition, there is ample justification for the stress laid by its planners upon the competition, as a means of securing the full interests of both owners and sculptors in a great artistic project.

"NOTE with alarm" is the proper phrase to use about some of the reports that are coming out of Vichy. We have always expressed our sympathy with Marshal Pétain, knowing that he stood between the knife and the wall. Many of his plans for the reconstruction of France were nobly conceived in a true democratic spirit, but they are being whittled away and booted out by one Pierre Laval. Among the Pétain decrees of the past two years that are now being revised, is one concerning secret societies, meaning the Freemasons. Presumably, that means they are gathering strength again and flexing their muscles for another go at more "laic laws." Have you not noticed by this time how easy it is for the enemies of the Church to collaborate with Nazism? "Show me your friends and I'll tell you the kind of man you are"; that goes for enemies, too.

WLB has had a strenuous week. It turned down the pay-rise request of 1,200 Remington-Rand workers in accord with the "Little Steel" formula whereby pay rises are geared to fluctuations in cost of living index, using Jan. 1, 1941 as base. The Board next received panel reports as to North-South differentials in textiles. It heard next day that United Steel Workers of America were negotiating with U. S. Steel for issues similar to those in the Little Steel discussions. Then it unanimously granted maintenance of membership in two CIO contracts. In this decision however, two employer members definitely took time out in a separate opinion to voice some old sentiments of extreme interest to labor now more than ever. "If the board grants to unions the advantage of maintenance of membership," asked the concurring opinion of Mr. Lapham and Mr. Black, "why should it not require certain things of such unions who seek union security?" Clearly the opinion considered maintenance of membership grants as preferred treatment. And we all know what that conviction can mean in governmental minds. This talk about "certain things" and "certain rules" is too indefinite for comfort to many labor leaders. So is the recommendation that periodic reports to the WLB on internal affairs of the unions be made "public records." Mr. Davis, Chairman of the Board, criticized the opinion as favoring an extension of jurisdiction beyond the frame of reference under which the tribunal acts.

BEFORE the Nazi invasion and occupation, the Diocese of Ljubljana, Slovenia, was a stronghold of the Faith. In the sector which the Nazis have taken over, 193 priests formerly staffed 148 parishes. Now there are nine priests, all but two of them aged men. They say Mass twice daily, three times on Sunday, in the morning or evening as opportunity affords. Most of the parishes are closed, the faithful forbidden to congregate. Most Rev. Gregory Rozman, Bishop of Ljubljana, from whom this information comes, reports also that his diocesan college has been closed, the library destroyed or rifled, scientific apparatus burned.

The spiritual damage to the Diocese is, of course, even greater. More than 200,000 of the faithful are without priests, without Mass, without the Sacraments. The dying lack spiritual consolation. It is difficult to obtain permission for a Catholic burial.

The section of Slovenia occupied by the Italians still has religious freedom and there Bishop Rozman's authority still prevails. Disguised priests from this area bring spiritual solace to the Catholics in the districts under Nazi rule.

THE present crisis has precipitated many problems, one of which Most Rev. Miguel de Andrea, Titular Bishop of Temnus, stated clearly in an address at Buenos Aires, July 27. Talking to some 21,000 members of the Catholic Employees' Association, Bishop de Andrea called for clear recognition of the importance of the family:

Behind the front of the belligerents is the front of the families; more important than living space for nations in the world, is living space for families within nations. . . . Will we have the indispensable intelligence and decision to bring about, in an evolutionary way, the essential reorganization of sufficient resources for the families . . . ? I know of only one way—that of obtaining, in an effective manner, an increased material and moral well-being for the people.

This desirable goal, however, cannot be reached by haphazard planning, said the Bishop. The State must now face squarely the need of an integral plan for social security, harmonized and coordinated to secure for all a better distribution of social justice.

LONG and ardently had the Osage Indians desired to have Catholic missionaries and Catholic education. As far back as 1867 when they were exiled from Kansas to the Indian Territory, they addressed a petition to President Grant asking him for missionaries: again, in 1877, as their repeated requests had gone unanswered, they sent a plea to President Hayes recounting the broken pledges which were about all that the Government had given them. Ten years later, in 1887, Katharine Drexel came to their rescue by opening the St. Louis School for them, and she secured the Franciscan Sisters of Glen Riddle, Philadelphia to staff the St. Louis Mission. A few years later, Katharine Drexel founded the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament for Indians and Colored People. Now on July 23, the cycle comes full wheel. For by invitation of the Most Rev. Francis C. Kelley, Bishop of Oklahoma, the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament have

gone to take care of the Indians whom their revered foundress originally befriended. Major General Clarence L. Tinker, who lost his life in the battle of Midway and for whom Catholic funeral services were conducted at Hickam Field, July 17, was an Osage Indian.

PRACTICAL determination to do something toward western hemispheric unity is reflected in the new panel of Latin-American studies incorporated into the curriculum of St. Mary-of-the-Woods College in Indiana. The panel will comprise courses in Latin-American history, economic history of Latin America, advanced studies in Spanish and Portuguese and the civilization and art of Latin America.

SPEAKING at the National Convention of the United Automobile Workers, in Chicago, last week, the Most Rev. Bernard J. Sheil, Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago, declared that the modern American is very much like the early Americans who summed up their dream of government in the phrase "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Said His Excellency:

The common man . . . seeks those things which spell contentment for him; a steady job, a home, a family, the possibility of facing the future without the constant menace of unemployment, of seeing his children hungry and himself an object of public relief.

The workingman has a great role to play in this present war. Bishop Sheil pointed out that if the workingman wants to fulfil that role he must be willing to suffer and sacrifice; he must subjugate his individual desires to weld labor into a close unity.

SISTER Mary Loyola of Barry College, Miami, Florida, recently published a book *Visualized Church History* which is "an attempt to apply to Church History the Unit method of organization which has proved effective in almost all other secondary-school courses." Illustrations by the art students of the Studio Angelico of Siena Heights College, Adrian, Michigan enhance the value of the book. Written in simple, luminous English, this work is a real contribution to history courses and to pedagogical method.

HIS Eminence, William Cardinal O'Connell, has cordially welcomed the National Evidence Conference to Boston for their eleventh meeting, August 22 and 23. This year is the twenty-fifth anniversary of street preaching; for, on Boston Common, July 4, 1917, Martha Moore Avery and David Goldstein began this great work. The Conference will hold sessions at Boston College.

AT Seattle, on July 29, the silver episcopal jubilee of Most Rev. Joseph R. Crimont, Vicar Apostolic of Alaska, was commemorated. Preaching at the Mass, Most Rev. Gerald Shaughnessy, Bishop of Seattle, paid eloquent tribute to his Alaskan confrère for long, distinguished service in a very difficult mission field.

THE NATION AT WAR

OUR Navy Department has reported that about 10,000 Japanese are in the western Aleutian Islands, seized by them at the beginning of June. It has not yet been ascertained what these Japs are seeking to do. As the islands they occupied are barren and of no particular value in themselves, it is suspected that they are but a stepping-stone for an advance beyond, presumably somewhere in Alaska. As much of this territory is a wilderness, it could be possible for a hostile force to fly to some uninhabited area and establish themselves there without being immediately discovered. All the Navy Department will say is that careful air reconnaissance has failed to disclose any Japanese forces in other islands or on the mainland. . . . New Japanese activity is reported in New Guinea, where they have occupied Buna on the north coast. From there troops this week advanced south toward Port Moresby, which is held by Australians and Americans. The Japanese have recommenced bombing the United Nations base at Port Darwin. They have also seized another island—Guadalcanal—off northeast Australia. . . . The week opened with strong Russian attacks in the vicinity of Voronezh and Axis attacks near Rostov. Between these areas Axis troops advanced toward Stalingrad. A violent and major battle developed near Kalatsch in the big bend of the Don River. The Russian attacks on Voronezh were promptly discontinued and troops from that area were quickly rushed by road and rail in an effort to save their comrades at Kalatsch. The advance on Stalingrad was halted. This city, besides being important industrially, is a distributing center for Lease-Lend supplies sent from the United States, *via* Iran. Further south, the Germans crossed the Don at Rostov and advanced south and southeast. Very little resistance was reported and the rapidity of this movement gives the impression that either the Russians are very weak in this sector or that they are in full flight, as the Germans claim. . . . On July 28, British Air Marshal, Sir Arthur T. Harris, in a radio address in German to the German people, warned them that they had no chance against the combined might of the Royal and American Air Forces. He stated that the American and British Air Forces would soon be coming over every night, every day, rain, blow or snow, to scourge the Reich from end to end. The new attacks would dwarf anything up to now. . . . There is no indication that British air attacks, thus far, have helped Russia by causing the Axis to withdraw air forces from that front. Latest reports indicate that the combined Axis air forces are concentrated in Russia and are taking a major part in driving the Russians back. . . . According to German claims, during July, they sank 128 ships, aggregating 815,700 gross tons, damaged 23 others and sank several war vessels. No American or British figures are being published and verification of the German statement cannot be made. If true, the sinkings are now at the rate of about 10,000,000 tons per annum. The answer may be an air-borne merchant marine.

COL. CONRAD H. LANZA

WASHINGTON FRONT

SPEAKING of Mr. Elmer Davis' OWI two weeks ago, I gave a hint that it would naturally be compared with George Creel's similar enterprise in the last war. Since then, I have come across a distinguished journalist in Washington who worked under Creel in those far-off days, and he gave me a vivid picture of how they did it then. The office was organized exactly like that of a newspaper, with a managing editor, a city editor, a copy desk and a corps of reporters. Each of these reporters was assigned a "beat" in each of the departments and war agencies.

Thus a youngish newsman named McIntyre was assigned to the office of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, whose name was Roosevelt, and now McIntyre is that same gentleman's secretary. None of the departments, not even the Army and Navy, was allowed to give out releases directly to the press. Whatever news they had they handed to the reporter covering them and he took it back to the office. There it was scanned for policy, consistency and truth, and was edited in the usual way and then sent out to the press.

The interesting point about all this is that no Government official was allowed to make a statement about the war effort except through the Creel office. Since all statements went to it, there it could be seen if there was a conflict, and so no such disedifying lie-callings, as between Ickes and Henderson over gasoline, were possible. In case of an obvious conflict, the battle took place behind the scenes, not before the confused public. If Mr. Creel could not settle it himself, he took it to the President.

The whole world has seen, and marveled, when early stories about Coral Sea and Midway were corrected by later accurate accounts about who did what, and how. When this war is over, the public will learn, to its disedification, how certain private interests were responsible for the muddle. The difficulty is obvious. Neither the Army nor the Navy has any intention of giving Mr. Davis the power Mr. Creel had the last time. Any intelligent guess, however, will be that this condition is not going to be allowed to continue. If the Navy is aggrieved at the Army, and vice versa, for premature inaccurate accounts of an action, that is because each of them has the power at present of telling the public whatever it pleases. Each of them will have to forego its prerogative in sheer self-defense, and before long each will be glad that it has a Mr. Davis to defend them against the other.

There is, no doubt, a moral to all this, or several morals. What about the public's rights in the matter? It surely has the right not to be constantly confused about what's what in rubber, oil, sugar, labor, inflation, and all the other things that are upsetting morale. It is fundamentally a question of the right kind of publicity. Every Government department has dozens of press agents, or "public-information" bureaus, since press agents are forbidden by law. When Mr. Davis becomes the public-information officer of the Government itself, things will be better.

WILFRID PARSONS

GOD CALLED MARY FROM A TOMB TO A THRONE OF ETERNAL GLORY

WILLIAM A. DONAGHY, S.J.

WHEN, at the Vatican Council in 1870, 204 Bishops and theologians petitioned that the bodily Assumption of Our Lady into Heaven be declared a dogma of the Faith, they climaxed a tradition centuries old.

For although the feast-day, August 15, has long been a holy day of obligation, and we have documentary evidence of its observance as far back as the sixth century, the truth it commemorates has never been formally defined.

The Catholic who has an intelligent appreciation of his Faith will, however, find nothing derogatory in that. No reputable theologian of the Church seriously questions the fact of the Assumption; most of them hold, with Suarez, that any doubt of it would be rash and reprehensible; and Benedict XIV declared that denial of it is impious and blasphemous.

What in its simplest outline, then, does the doctrine of the Assumption comprise and imply? What are some of its dogmatic foundations? To answer those questions is to sketch an interesting example of the mentality of the teaching Church.

One day, Mary, the Mother of Jesus, having lived for about sixty years, bowed to the law of death. "For," as Saint John Damascene points out, "even her Son Who is life itself, did not refuse it." She did not sicken nor wither; nor did senility ever scar her. In all likelihood she was rapt out of life by consuming love. "You need not seek other causes for the death of the Blessed Virgin," declares Bossuet.

Unswervingly and more swiftly than thought, her bright soul took flight to God. For it is the solemn teaching of the Church that the souls of the just, who have no purgatorial debt to pay, go instantly into the Beatific Presence. What, then, of her who was not only free of Original Sin but of the slightest venial taint as well?

Reverent hands must have laid into the sepulcher that pure body in which the Word was made flesh, that silver brazier in which the Light of the World flared up. But no earthly tomb was long to contain such a splendid trophy. For shortly after her death, Mary's body was transported to Heaven and reunited with her soul in glory. It was the beginning of her reign as Queen of Heaven, Queen of the Angels and Saints.

It was this corporeal elevation of Mary into Heaven which the Fathers at the Vatican Council desired to have defined and proposed to the whole

Catholic world as a truth revealed by God Himself. Behind their request, as we have said, stretched an unbroken continuity of Tradition back to the early ages of the Church.

When Catholic theologians employ the term "Tradition," they are using a technical word with a specific meaning. It is not the "tradition" which Shakespeare associates with "respect, form and ceremonious duty." It is not a casual transmission from father to son of some story garbled and embroidered by generations of raconteurs.

Tradition, in this technical, theological sense, is the sum total of the vital, authoritative teaching of a living Church who derives her rights and powers from a Divine Mandate.

Under her watchful eye, her Bishops, Fathers, Doctors and theologians have labored for centuries, exploring the Deposit of Faith, discovering new riches in it, widening our knowledge of it, bringing out into the light of explicit profession what earlier ages had believed only implicitly. The Church has always been quick to encourage; equally alert to warn and, if necessary, to denounce. Over her hovers the wing shadow of the Holy Spirit; through her echoes the eternal promise, "I will be with you all days."

The weighty findings of her scholarly sons, and her own decisions based on those findings, make up what the Catholic theologian calls Tradition. Just as definitely as Holy Scripture, it constitutes a channel of Divine Revelation.

Even from this inadequate description of Tradition, it must be evident that it is no mere grapevine of ecclesiastical gossip, no stream of conjecture and surmisal; but a strong organic bridge, as solid as Peter's Rock, Divinely engineered and connecting us with the Apostolic Age.

Rich is the testimony of Tradition for the Assumption. The Feast goes back to the sixth century, and the centuries lying between that time and our own abound with references to it. Especially is this true in the liturgies of the various rites. The Church, moreover, keeps strict supervision over the Liturgy, her official public prayer and worship, lest error creep in.

Typical is Saint Anselm, in the eleventh century, apostrophizing the Queen of Heaven "who submitted to death, but could not be held in the fetters of death." Saint Bernard, in the twelfth, meditates lyrically on the meeting of Christ with His Mother "when she ascended to her throne of glory."

Down through the great medieval theologians, Albert, Aquinas and Bonaventure runs the same thread. From the time of the Council of Trent down to our own day, the unanimity is practically unmarred.

In the eighteenth century, Benedict XIV decreed a revision of the Roman Breviary. Beginning on November 21, 1741, the commission took up the question of Our Lady's feasts. The commemorations of her Purification, Annunciation, Assumption and Nativity were allowed to remain in the Church calendar without discussion, because they were "ancient and universally observed festivals" as Monsignor Batiffol notes.

There was, however, a debate on the word "Assumption." Some of the commission members thought that if the teaching Church were to designate the Feast with that solemn term, she would appear to declare the doctrine of the Assumption an article of Faith. These members preferred one of the old titles for the Feast *Pausatio* (repose), *Dormitio* (sleep) or *Transitus* (passing). After consultation, however, the title "Assumption" was retained with no member dissenting.

The Church, according to Catholic teaching, is Divinely founded, Divinely sustained. If, therefore, we were to admit doubt about a doctrine for which thirteen centuries of Tradition stand witness, then we should be conceding that Christ had not kept His promise, that He had not been with His Church all days, that He had not sent the Paraclete, the Spirit of Truth.

Such a firm belief which waxed strong under the vigilant approbation of an infallible Church, can have no other explanation than that the bodily Assumption of Our Lady into Heaven is a truth traceable back to Apostolic times; that it is somehow connected with the Deposit of Faith.

There is no difficulty in appreciating the sublime fitness of the Assumption. Christ and His Blessed Mother were one in their enmity toward evil. Christ conquered the forces of evil and atoned for mankind on Calvary; and in that work of atonement, as Leo XIII says, Mary was her Son's "Consort."

Benedict XV describes Our Lady's close alliance with Christ in these words: "she offered her Son, in so far as she could, so that we can rightly say that she, united with Christ, redeemed mankind." "Through her mystical union with Christ and by His extraordinary grace," declares Pius XI, "she also became and is piously termed a Reparatrix."

That Divine victory included the vanquishing of death and the long dark dissolution of the body in the tomb which is, for all except Jesus and Mary, a penalty of sin. She who shared in the battle shares also in the triumph. And as Christ rose in glory, three days after His death so His Mother, likewise, by special privilege of God, was caught up bodily into Heaven shortly after she died.

Our Lord was bone of her bone: "the flesh of Christ," as Augustine said, "is the flesh of Mary." There is something abhorrent in the idea that Mary's holy body should fall prey to corruption and worms. "How should decay disrupt that body,

which was the tabernacle of the Light?" asks John Damascene.

Her dignity as the Mother of God is immeasurable. Redemption looked ahead to her, and the foreseen merits of the Saviour she was to bear, preserved her entirely free from sin. The graces she had, Alphonsus Liguori teaches, were greater than those of all the angels and all men combined.

Forever undimmed was her virginity: in her Son's conception, birth and for all time. Hence, though she came of Adam and Eve by lineal, physical descent, God's gifts removed from her the dread spiritual heritage of such ancestry.

How then can the withering sentence of Genesis "unto dust thou shalt return" apply to her? Had Adam remained faithful, he and all of his descendants would forever have been alien to sickness, pain, death. He fell, and "sin entered into the world" with its fearful consequences, including the degrading return of our bodies into dust. But Mary, saved from any contact with sin, was Divinely spared from that ghastly sequel of sin, bodily disintegration in the tomb.

These are some of the considerations whereby learned Marian theologians have demonstrated the appropriateness of Mary's Assumption into Heaven. Many of the Vatican Bishops, whom we mentioned at the beginning of this paper, were profoundly moved by them. There is one other which we shall mention with reverent brevity.

What of Our Lord's love of His Blessed Mother? One ancient writer poses the question: "Will not He Who in Exodus gave the law of honoring parents and Who, in Matthew, declared that He came not to destroy the law but to fulfil it," honor His own Mother? Since she was His Mother according to the flesh, therefore must He honor her in the flesh. That being so, is not the Assumption natural and inevitable?

The Feast of the Assumption is our assurance that Mary reigns in glory with her Son, that she watches over us, her adopted children, and intercedes for us. Throughout the Office for this Feast, the Church chants rapturously: "The Virgin Mary has been caught up to the heavenly abode." And in the sixth lesson, on the Octave day of the Feast, is a plea which has particular force now:

O Blessed Virgin . . . make known to the world what grace you have found with God by securing, through your holy prayers, pardon for the sinful, health for the ailing, stout heart for the timid, solace for the suffering, aid and release for those whom dangers beset.

Mary listens to our prayers with a mother's ear, a mother's heart. She was constituted the "Mother of all men" at the foot of the Cross, as Pius XI has declared. Furthermore, we may say with Leo XIII and many great theologians, that no grace comes to us except through Mary. She who is Mother to all of us and patroness of our embattled country will not be deaf to us in these perilous times.

For although Mary now reigns in glory, she knew and can remember what it is to be poor and worried and suffering. She is the Queen of Heaven to be sure: she is also the Queen of earth, the Queen of Martyrs and Mother of Sorrows.

ON BEING TOUGH AND GETTING TOUGHER

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

SEVERAL weeks ago, a politician better known in Washington for his love of a place in the limelight than for his balanced judgment and treasures of ripe knowledge, issued an address "in the name of the American people." In some respects, the text was much like that of the documents which Mr. Micawber was wont to compose in periods spent in the King's Bench prison, but it lacked the kindliness of that genial gentleman's effusions. It was belligerent, this Washington document was, and in tone it was tough, sir, very tough.

What stirred our Washington friend to belligerency and toughness was the appeal to the Supreme Court made by Colonel Royall, counsel for the Germans who had landed on Long Island. Why waste time, he asked indignantly. All Americans were convinced that the men were guilty. They should be hanged forthwith, and no civil court should be permitted to impede the march to the scaffold. For it is time, he concluded, "for us Americans to be tough, and to get tougher."

It is perhaps superfluous to point out that the proceedings of the military commission which tried these men were secret. Since not a word of the testimony which it received had been published at the time of this address "in the name of the American people," the public's ignorance of the pertinent facts (as well as the ignorance of its self-appointed spokesman) was nothing less than abysmal. But it will not be superfluous to examine this politician's idea of the meaning of toughness. To him it implies setting aside the due process of law, and substituting for it the violence of lynch law. If you think a man is guilty, do not try him in a properly constituted court. Be tough. Kill him. Get tougher, and kill any man who defends his right to justice. Massacre any who aid him.

No one takes this politician seriously. But there is danger in the continued insistence by newspaper columnists and radio commentators on the necessity of getting tough. Unless all of us, soldiers and civilians alike, "get tough," we shall lose this war. Germany wins battles, they argue, because German soldiers are trained to be tough, and the Japanese, who respect no law of God or man, are the very quintessence of toughness. One enterprising publishing house has lately issued a cheaply-priced, but much advertised book, to teach young civilians new ways of being tough. The author, long resident in China and Japan, has invented a system of offense and defense which is a mixture of Chinese boxing and jiu-jitsu. "It is a system so deadly," the publishers aver, "that it has even the Nazis buffaloed." We hope that the attention of the War Department will be drawn to this book, for the

sooner we "have the Nazis buffaloed," the better for us and for the world.

But how are we to reach that desirable end? By being tough, and by getting tougher?

Since war can be prosecuted only by violence, the answer must be in the affirmative. No army ever won a battle by charging the enemy with powder puffs. First, last and always, war is essentially violence. The aim is to kill human beings and to destroy property, and by these means to reduce the enemy to subjection. This aim must be pursued vigorously and relentlessly, so that the war may be brought to an end as soon as possible.

War, then, is violence, to be waged by tough men, training themselves to get tougher. But there is a violence that is just, and a violence that is unjust; a toughness that is wholly admirable, and a toughness that is simply brutal, cowardly and stupid. Once admit that a war is just, it follows that the violence necessary to prosecute it is also just. When a man comes at you with a gun, you do not stop to point out to him the profit of the ways of peace and gentleness. You shoot first, if you have a gun, and you shoot him where he is widest, deferring the sermon to such time as he may be in a receptive mood. What is true of this private combat is true of war. You overcome your enemy by force, for that is the only way to prevent him from overcoming you. But if—to revert to our private combat—after shooting your assailant, you perceive that he lies upon the ground, helpless but still alive, you may not put a bullet through his brain. That would be sheer murder. Your first intention in shooting at all is not to kill, although you know that in shooting him you may and probably will kill, but to defend yourself. Once that defense is actually secured, further violence is unjust.

So too, in the bloody conflict of war. The soldier may, and indeed should, make use of the means supplied him to rout the enemy. It would be impossible to draw up a catalog of means that are just, desirable as that might be. But it is a safe principle that, in a just war, all methods necessary for overcoming the enemy are legitimate, provided that nothing is done contrary to the natural or the Divine law, or to the accepted canons of international law.

Assuredly, it will often be difficult to decide what methods are improper. But it may be said in general that reprisals carried out in a spirit of vindictiveness, or against wholly innocent persons, children, for instance, or the old, or attacks that are wholly motivated by hatred, must be considered, objectively, as a type of violence that is gravely sinful, and hence forbidden.

Briefly, then, there is a violence that is unjust as well as a violence that is just. What we must guard against in these troubled times is the influence of the old—and utterly false—adage that all is fair in love and war. And we must also guard ourselves against misleading definitions of "toughness."

According to some of the commentators to whom I have referred, a man is not tough, and therefore not fit to be a soldier, unless he is given a training that turns him into a gorilla. What is needed, they

seem to assert, is a man of tremendous brute force who has but one idea—to kill. During his training period he must be well fed, given plenty of time for sleep, and on occasion (although this is hinted rather than expressed) be supplied with a prophylactic kit and ample opportunities for gratifying his brutish passions.

That appears to be the current ideal of military toughness. But I doubt that it would be deemed ideal by such tough soldiers as Sir Philip Sidney and Robert E. Lee. These men would hold, I am sure, that toughness is not primarily a matter of a man's muscle and brawn. It is a matter of a man's soul. There was never a tougher soldier than Lee in the battles around Richmond, and the world has rarely seen a kindlier Christian gentleman. Because he was a great leader, he strove to keep alive in the hearts of his ragged followers the flame of the love of God and of their country. He knew that men who love God can rule their souls, and hold them firm, even to death in the ditch. Never did a word of hatred for the soldiers or for the people of the North escape his lips, nor did he allow others to speak of them in his presence in terms of opprobrium. Well might he have said with brave Edith Cavell, done to death by the German invaders of Belgium: "There must be no hatred in our hearts for anyone." Peace be to her! A great lady was this Edith Cavell, tough even as Lee was tough.

Did ever the world know tougher soldiers than Lee's men of the Army of Northern Virginia? In that last Winter of their existence, their march was marked by bloody footsteps in the snow, but they never faltered. Hunger did not deter them, nor cold, nor that deadly chill that grips a brave man's heart when he sees that all he has loved faces destruction, nor did the daily, hourly, peril of death. Undaunted they went on, because Lee had taught them how to fight and die in defense of the cause they held to be just.

Years ago, it was my good fortune to talk with men who had followed Lee, and with men who had known him after the Surrender. Few could speak of him without tears. What they best remembered was not what an English military critic once called his "thunderbolts of war," but his kindliness. He could be stern at times, and he never hesitated to visit the severest penalties upon the dastard or the coward. That too they forgot. They followed him because they thought him a great soldier. They loved him because they knew he was a Christian gentleman. May a merciful God give us soldiers tough with the toughness of the soldiers of Lee, tough, too, with the toughness of the brave men who destroyed Lee's army, for the men at Appomattox were not conquered by cowards.

Away, then, with that debased ideal of a brute mouthing strange oaths, trained to think himself a soldier because he has valiantly bayoneted bags of animal blood, visualized as German soldiers. Our men in the camps will be instructed by competent officers in the civilized art of war. But if they are to be tough soldiers, daily growing tougher, they must remember, officers and men alike, that patriotism must not be sullied by hatred and revenge.

A UNIQUE ADVENTURE IN MEXICAN BY-PATHS

GIRALDA FORBES



[*SPEAKER in this unique narrative is an elderly Catholic lady, of original character and independent habits, who has always taken a great interest in Latin-American countries. Her niece, Giraldo Forbes, who collaborated with her in its preparation, was impressed by Mary Agnes Felin's suggestion for good-neighborliness in AMERICA for July 11, 1942, but believes there is also a wide field that no organization covers. This field is for the tourist and holiday makers who go south of the Rio Grande for their vacations.*—EDITOR]

I THINK I may call my adventure unique, because I know of no other American woman used to soft living, who would leave the delights and comforts of Mexico City, to tramp on foot from village to village, to share the simple life of the lower classes. I did this for several weeks, eating beans and *tortillas* with the humblest; and I slept at night on rude beds, generally *petates*, with only a *serape* for covering. All this to study the wild flowers of the countryside, and learn what the masses of Mexico really think of their great neighbor, and how we may best assist in building up this lovable and very important people into a strong nation to be our friend in time of need.

I did it without publicity. That would have interfered with my freedom. So it came about that soon after my arrival in the capital, I slipped away in the train for Cuernavaca, but left it at a point decided upon, and set out on foot for a nearby village. My most important key for opening the doors of the humble people into whose inner thoughts I desired to probe, was a hand satchel. In it I tucked away three sets of tools. The first, a nightgown, a comb and toothbrush, a small towel, a cake of soap, one change of linen and some needles and thread. Second, a note book, some simple household medicines and a first aid outfit; and third, some yards of red and blue and orange ribbon, cut into two foot lengths, some beads and candy, a dozen or so squares of mosquito net, cut to the size of large bandanas, some children's handkerchiefs stamped with bright figures, and last, but not least, some rosaries and medals. A rosary or a piece of ribbon to tie up a small child's hair, delighted the mothers, and a piece of candy or a medal, the children. The medals and rosaries were seized upon gratefully. I nowhere encountered any irreligious spirit.

Wherever I asked for supper and lodging, I got it, and paid whatever was asked. The price was always small, and often the money was refused; but I invariably overcame opposition by indicating the cheap lithograph of the Blessed Mother, or one

of the Saints, that adorned the walls of even the poorest hut, and saying that the Blessed Virgin had sent me to this house that she might bless the money I offered, and that she wanted it used for the children. This worked like a charm. One woman went immediately to the church to make a thanks offering.

The medicines were the most important of the contents of my hand bag. With these I could relieve the pain of any sick inmates of the household I descended upon, and there was nearly always someone who needed treatment in those poor undernourished families. If it was an old dame crippled with rheumatism, I rubbed in some linament and left a small quantity in a can to continue the treatment. If it was a child with sore, fly-infested eyes, I bathed them with a little borax powder in the water, and tied one of my squares of mosquito net over the child's face to keep the flies off. I treated any number of cases of sores and fever with ointment and quinine.

I cannot in the space of this article relate the many amusing and pathetic incidents of my tour. I wish to tell what I learned, of political significance, and point the way by which individuals as well as the Church and state can rebuild on foundations of respect and friendship an alliance which will put and keep Mexico on our side during this critical period, and after.

I have been asked why I went to the poorest class of the population to get my impressions. I did not confine myself to peons. I spent at least a third of my time in towns and cities where I met business men and cultured Mexicans, all of whose views are most important to us; but Americans are in constant touch with the better classes and know what they think. I chose the poor, because the average tourist neglects them, and because I believe that United States policy, while not neglecting the very important politicians and the wealthy, should aim at winning the masses, and making them the channel of approach to political problems. The experience of all great governments dealing with less advanced races has been that the people are not so much affected by the views of the upper classes, as, in the long run, the latter are compelled to pay attention to the aims and aspirations of the masses.

It will be to the very great gain of both the state and the Church, if the latter can, through unofficial good-will tourists, make friends among the masses. They are the foundation from which to build, and if anyone wishes to follow my method and make a friendly assault on the people of Mexico or other of the Central American countries, this is how to do it successfully and enjoyably, without excessive fatigue.

Get a good map, and plan your route; one that will keep you within easy reach of train or bus should you need them. Arm yourself with a good walking stick for the steep grades, and have strong, comfortable shoes a size larger than you ordinarily wear, and clothes that will stand wear and tear well. Starting out from Mexico City, I sent suitcases ahead to await my arrival at a hotel in Cuernavaca,

and then I descended from the train with my hand satchel, to walk to a village fixed on. I had a few sandwiches in the pocket of my dust coat, and a small bottle of water. I tried to be always near to some hut or village at lunch time, and then I asked to share the meal of one of the families, and shared my sandwiches. At night I asked for a bed and supper. And so I wandered leisurely from place to place, until I felt the need of a change and some clean clothes. The satchel was not a burden. All my equipment except the candy and medicine bottles lay flat and were not heavy. On a walking tour, the load must be light. After a few days in the towns, when I had cleaned up and replenished my stock of medicines and knick-knacks, I returned to the trail. I made use of trains and buses whenever I got tired, or the roads were too steep, or not attractive. The trip was a pleasure trip, and I did not let it exhaust me.

I have never felt an urge to rush from place to place to see how much territory I could cover in the shortest possible time. I knew that if I could make a lasting impression of good will in just one quarter, it would be of more value than a fleeting impression left in many quarters.

I have been asked if I was not afraid to go alone among the villages. I was not, because I knew that gentleness and courtesy on my part, to say nothing of the contents of my bag, would insure me courtesy and safety wherever I went. The Mexicans, be they Spanish, *mestizo*, or Indian, are born gentlemen, and their patience, good breeding and understanding, even under provocation, is something that we might copy with advantage. They bind themselves by unwritten laws of hospitality, and they do not break their laws as we do ours, when we find them irksome. I never once experienced discourtesy. However, I do not doubt that it was my grandmotherly appearance that helped to draw respect. Old people are still cherished and respected in Mexico.

To sum up. It is to our interest to make Mexico strong by furnishing her the means to become a powerful nation. People of the old school do not want powerful nations on our borders; but I repeat we need a powerful not a weak neighbor on our southern border in these times. Until recently we followed England's colonial policy of helping neighboring nations to be strong only up to a point, so that they could not be a menace to us. But we have ourselves taught these nations to want security from us, as much as we desire security from them. We cannot afford not to have whole-hearted support from the South and Central Americas. A good neighbor must be a real good neighbor, not a calculating one.

We can build the confidence we desire in many ways, but first by encouraging the strong national consciousness, and passionate devotion to *mi tierra* that is the very soul of Mexico, and in so doing, give stronger practical expression to our own ideals. The Mexican knows that all men were created equal before God, but he intends that all men shall be equal before men, too. He is working to weave this ideal into the fabric of his daily life.

SOCIAL VOCABULARY NEEDS TWO NEW WORDS

SYDNEY J. JUDAH, S.J.

RECENTLY I read in a work of Catholic Apologetics the statement that Capitalism is in itself not wrong. The very next day, if not the same day, I read in another Catholic publication a condemnation of Capitalism as not only against sound economics but as being essentially un-Christian. A similar experience must be common to others. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that we are accused of inconsistency. We are not inconsistent, of course, because Capitalism has two main significations. According to the first, it simply means the private possession of capital, of productive wealth; this is morally neutral and my first reference above understood Capitalism in this sense—its original sense. But the word, after the fashion of words, has acquired another meaning with use, a sinister one, and in this sense of Capitalism as something evil, it was condemned in the second reference.

Fanfani, after examining all known definitions of Capitalism, rightly, I think, concludes that it must now be defined as the possession of private property *without a sense of responsibility to society*. As such, it is clearly un-Christian, and Catholics would do well to adhere strictly to this definition. But what are we to call the possession of productive wealth *with a sense of responsibility*? The idea most certainly exists yet there is no single word to express it. I suggest two: *Principalism* and *Societism*.

There is no real distinction between Principalism and Societism, but the two words are useful to express two aspects of the same thing and to provide our verbal answer to the two extremes of Capitalism and Socialism. Capitalism is the private possession of the means of production without a sense of responsibility; its opposite extreme is Socialism which denies the right of private property in the means of production. In between, lies the possession of the means of production with a sense of responsibility. From one point of view this is Principalism, from another it is Societism.

The mean between individualism carried to extreme and no individualism at all, must, in reality, be the same as the mean between society tyrannizing and society disregarded; hence Principalism, which is moderated individualism is, in reality, the same as Societism which is moderated state ownership.

Principalism considers the benefits of private initiative, leadership, rational competition; it might be called "Christian capitalism" were the two terms now not mutually exclusive. Societism, on the other hand, considers the rights of society, the rights of the masses in such things as transport, light and power, milk, wheat, the rights of workers to a liv-

ing wage, decent working and living conditions and so on. Societism corresponds exactly to that idea which so many have and which is badly expressed by the words "Christian Socialism"—so badly that Pius XI condemned the term. Note that no new social system is being proposed, but a difference of emphasis. This is clearly seen in relation to Cooperation.

Cooperation is solidly based on private ownership. This aspect is frequently insisted upon, but few will deny that the emphasis of Cooperation, to be seen in its very name, lies in the direction of social action. The emphasis of Principalism, however, is on individual action, so that it might seem at first sight that there is here a conflict of ideas. I can imagine a man saying: "I don't believe in Cooperation—not as the sole answer, anyway, to our present social ills; I think there ought to be plenty of opportunity for Principalism—I am a Principalist." This would be loose thinking. There is no conflict, for every cooperator is a principalist, and he is necessarily so, for Cooperation like Principalism firmly believes in private property. What the man should say is: "I do not believe in Cooperation. . . . I am an Individualist."

Nor does it follow that because a man treats his employes well and gives his customers a square deal, he is, therefore, a Principalist. He may do these things only because his profits are thereby larger; were it not so, he would not do them; he would thus be a Capitalist. To be a true Principalist, he must do these things because he believes in the others' *rights* in these things. Moreover, we might suppose an industrialist doing these things as Rowntree was accused of doing them—as a hobby, "it is his hobby, mine is old china." Such a person would not be a Principalist, he would be merely an old-fashioned philanthropist.

These words are religiously neutral. Many people today are (or think they are) Socialists and even Communists; because the Church is the most articulate opponent of these doctrines, they think they must accept them or become Catholics. What Catholic, in arguments about social affairs, has not found it almost unavoidable to oppose to Socialistic opinions "the doctrine of the Catholic Church"? Yet we do not have to make such immediate and inevitable reference to the Church in defending the authenticity of the Gospels or in opposing the simian descent of man.

Hitherto we have had to rely on the ambiguity of "Capitalism" to defend it one minute and oppose it the next; while, denied the use of "Christian Socialism" we have almost to write a book each time we wish to propose a social plan opposed to Socialism and favorable to Christianity. Now the way is clear: "the speaker is confusing Socialism and Societism," "I am not a capitalist, I am a principalist," "the proper alternative of Capitalism is not Socialism, it is Societism," "His Excellency may preach Societism; he's got to—he's a Bishop; but in point of fact he is a Capitalist, pure and simple."

Would that someone internationally prominent in economics or sociology would endorse these words or give the world some better ones.

HOW HONEST ARE THE CLAIMS AGAINST PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS?

GERALD J. SCHNEPP, S.M.

A PERENNIAL problem facing the Catholic Church in the United States is the fact that approximately one-half of the children of Catholic families are attending public schools. What reasons do Catholic parents give for not sending their children to the parochial school? Further, can these reasons be considered valid in the light of other known facts about these families? Answers to these two questions are given in a recently published study of an urban parish on the Atlantic seaboard with 863 children of school age, 742 of whom, or 86 per cent, were in elementary schools, and 121, or 14 per cent, in secondary schools. Thirty-two per cent of the elementary school children and fifty-five per cent of the secondary school children were in public schools.

Considering first the reasons given by the parents of the 301 children in public schools, it was found that they could be classified as follows:

1. *Expense.* The parish did not operate a high school but the average tuition cost in Catholic high schools in the city was about \$100 a year and this, plus the cost of textbooks and other fees, would be a real burden for a poor family. In the parish school, a tuition fee of 25 cents a month was charged. Few complained about this, however, for it was the policy of the parish to waive even this nominal amount for families too poor to pay it. But there were complaints about other expenses connected with the school, particularly for chance-books, tickets and prizes for card and bingo parties and the annual carnival.

2. *Humiliation of the children.* When enumerators pointed out that children were not obliged to incur these extra expenses, the stock answer was that children who failed to cooperate were "slurred" in school. One mother put it more adroitly: "We can't afford to send the child to the Catholic school; I wouldn't send her and won't send her until we are able to pay. I wouldn't have Louise humiliated. I know of no better way to develop an inferiority complex in a child than to have it humiliated before the other children because it can't afford to pay."

3. *Prejudice.* One mixed marriage mother said: "I never could get my husband to understand that the children get the same education in Catholic school as in public. He said it would be all right for Agnes to go because if later on she would become a nun she would need to know her religion thoroughly. But he figured that the boys would do

better to be educated outside so that they could take a job later on." These notions, that parochial schools are "all right" for girls and are necessary for those who intend to enter the priesthood or Religious life, were found in a considerable number of families.

4. *Failure in Catholic school.* A few children were transferred to public school after failing in the parochial school. In a lax family, the mother said: "Francis started out in Catholic school but he didn't get along well so we transferred him to public." Other instances showed that perhaps a clash of personalities rather than the failure of the child was more fundamental in the transfer.

5. *Public-school kindergarten.* To limit the numbers in the first grade, the school has a policy of not admitting children under six years of age. In a mixed-marriage family, the Catholic mother who was separated from her husband, said: "Antonia was only five when we wanted to start her but the parish school would not accept her. So we sent her to public school kindergarten. She liked it so well she didn't want to go to Catholic school the next year. Then, when Joseph's turn came, he wanted to go with his sister, so we sent him to public school, too. That's how it all started." In sound Catholic families there seemed no particular danger in this practice; but, where the Faith was weak, it turned out unfavorably.

6. *Defective child.* In several instances where the child was mentally or physically defective, the parish school, because of lack of proper facilities and personnel, declined to accept him. Such children were sometimes placed in state institutions and sometimes in public schools; but more often they were kept at home.

7. *Foreigners' concept of public school.* One foreign-born parishioner said: "When I was young in the Old Country we all went to public schools; I don't see why my children can't go to public schools here." This attitude was found principally in Italian families; and, to a lesser extent, in some Irish and a few Austrian families. It is hard to believe that foreigners could fail to see the difference between the situation in a country where instruction in the Catholic Faith formed an integral part of the curriculum of the public schools and that which prevails here where religion is excluded from the schools.

8. *To preserve secrecy of invalid marriage.* One invalidly married couple advanced the novel reason

that they wished to keep the knowledge of the invalid marriage from their two school-age daughters. The father explained: "I don't want my girls to find it out. They're good Catholics, attend church regularly and want to attend Catholic school. But I won't send them until this thing is all straightened out. They'll never find it out—what they don't know won't hurt them."

Are all these reasons honest? Were parents sincere in giving them? An examination of three sets of statistical data concerning economic status, mixed marriage, and religious status of these families will furnish facts to check the validity of their answers.

1. *Economic status.* To test the truth of the "it-costs-too-much" argument, a study of the annual income of the head of the family in families sending their children to public schools was made. There were 167 families sending children to public schools. Eighty-four were practising families, 52 were families in which some members were practising and some were lapsed (henceforth referred to as "mixed religious status families"), and 31 were lapsed families. Information on the income of the head of the family was available in about 80 per cent of the cases.

The median income of the entire group of 135 families on which data were available was \$1,196 as compared with a median for all the unbroken homes of the parish of \$1,229 or \$33 more. As a whole, then, the public-school families had a somewhat lower income.

When the comparison is made by religious status, the problem becomes more involved and may be clarified by a table showing the figures:

Table 1—Median income of families sending children to public school, and of all unbroken families in the parish

	Total	Practising	Mixed	Lapsed
135 public school families.....	\$1,196	\$1,047	\$1,275	\$1,335
602 unbroken families.....	\$1,229	\$1,235	\$1,238	\$1,200

If any families had economic justification for sending children to the public school, it would seem to have been the practising families, for their median income was \$188 less than of the total unbroken practising families. But the mixed religious status families, whose income was \$37 higher, and the lapsed families, whose income was \$135 higher than the total unbroken families in their respective religious status groups, did not seem to have such justification.

From these facts one would be more inclined to believe that practising families rather than the other types were telling the truth when they offered economic difficulties for not sending children to the Catholic school.

2. *Mixed marriage.* It has already been noted that some mixed-marriage partners expressed a prejudice against the Catholic school. What effect this and other attitudes related to mixed marriage had on the parish as a whole can be measured by comparing type of marriage and education of the children. The figures are found in Table 2:

Table 2—Type of marriage of parents related to type of education children are receiving

Marriage of Parents	Education of Children		
	Catholic School	Public School	Part-Catholic, part-public
Catholic marriage (56%)...	75%	14%	11%
Mixed marriage (35%)...	51%	39%	10%
Invalid marriage (9%)....	28%	59%	13%

There is conclusive evidence here that mixed and invalid marriages played a considerable part in the public-school education of Catholic children.

3. *Religious status.* Somewhat related to the preceding discussion, but not identical with it, is the comparison based on the religious status of the family. Here, as in the case of comparing income, the division is between practising families, mixed religious status families, and lapsed families. The figures are in Table 3:

Table 3—Religious status of the family related to type of education of the children

Religious Status	Education of Children		
	Catholic School	Public School	Part-Catholic, part-public
Practicing families (64%)....	76%	16%	8%
Mixed relig. status fams. (25%)	57%	38%	5%
Lapsed families (11%)....	12%	83%	5%

It becomes increasingly clear that some of the reasons given by parents for not sending their offspring to the Catholic school break down under the scrutiny of the more objective statistical evidence just given. Consciously or unconsciously, some of the mothers apparently presented reasons which were in reality evasions of the real issue.

Practising families in the low income brackets seemed to have some justification for resenting excessive pressure in the classroom to "go over the top" in ticket drives, chance-book campaigns, and bingo prize contests. True, they were not justified in withdrawing their children on that account; but that they were subjected to unnecessary humiliation and embarrassment, anyone who has seen these drives in progress cannot doubt. For these same families, a parish text-book and scholarship fund, particularly for high-school students, would seem to be a desirable adjunct in nullifying the economic argument.

Prejudice against the parish school could be lessened by spreading correct information about it, and, for non-Catholic mixed marriage partners, the best time to do this is before the marriage.

Finally, since the individual parish can never hope to establish proper facilities and engage a competent personnel for the education of defective children, this would be properly classified as a diocesan responsibility. Until such institutions are established, plans should be made to assure Catholic children in State institutions such religious instruction as is consonant with their limited capacities.

SIX months ago, leaders of the Congress of Industrial Organizations wanted no talk of organic unity with the American Federation of Labor. They argued, not without some plausibility, that the problems raised by the unification of the two great labor bodies were too delicate and complex to be undertaken at this time. Better by far, they insisted, for both the C.I.O. and the A.F. of L. to strive for a workable truce which would leave them free to cooperate in the nation's war effort and concentrate on the problem of production.

Now the C.I.O. has had a sudden change of heart, brought about, it appears, by pressure from the White House. In a letter to William Green, head of the A.F. of L., President Philip Murray of the C.I.O. last week professed himself ready to meet with leaders of the rival labor group to "initiate discussions regarding possible establishment of organic unity between our organizations." To this letter Mr. Green promptly replied that the A.F. of L., through its standing peace committee, was ready to start discussions with the C.I.O. at any time. And so another chapter in the hitherto abortive attempt to reestablish unity in the ranks of American labor has begun.

That this objective can be quickly achieved, despite the best intentions on both sides, is clearly impossible. Long, weary months of discussion lie ahead of the peace committees, and it can easily happen that this latest effort at unity will be just as barren as those which have preceded it. It is, accordingly, imperative that both groups continue to collaborate through the Labor Victory Committee, which confers periodically with the President on issues relating to labor's part in the prosecution of the war, and work together to ban all jurisdictional disputes and time-consuming organizational rivalry.

In his letter to Mr. Green, Philip Murray proposed a plan whereby all jurisdictional disputes would be settled by a committee composed of representatives of the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O. and presided over by an impartial arbitrator. This committee would have full power to decide such disputes, and from its findings no appeal would be allowed. We believe that this suggestion, or some similar plan, ought to be accepted by the A.F. of L. and immediately acted on. With Mr. Murray's statement that "no stoppages of work can be permitted because of a jurisdictional dispute," the whole country is in hearty accord. While American boys are fighting and dying all over the world, any stoppage of work on account of petty organizational rivalry is simply inexcusable, and only a step or two removed from treason.

It is heartening to know that both Messrs. Green and Murray agree on the seriousness of this problem. If they cannot further agree on a clear-cut, workable plan, with teeth in it, to stop all jurisdictional strikes, there is little hope that they will be able to compose the many grave differences which keep them apart.

FRANK MISUNDERSTANDING

HEAD-CRACKING is no way to settle legitimate differences of opinion, and we have to deplore, as the South Americans themselves do, the wanton attack on Mr. Waldo Frank recently in Buenos Aires.

But there is a lesson lurking beneath that whole unmannerly business. It is a lesson we hard-headed Yankees are slow to learn—that representatives, official or semi-official, to other nations ought to be in cultural sympathy with those peoples. True, Mr. Frank's brutal beating was occasioned by purely political utterances, and not by any religious or spiritual *faux pas*, but Mr. Frank and others of his "liberal" kind can hardly be representative spokesmen to our Southern neighbors.

They cannot be, because they do not speak for America. One who could rhapsodize over Communism as Mr. Frank did in his *Dawn over Russia* ("I knew in that moment of essential health what was happening in Russia. A fresh spirit was born and was whole") does not give the American view. Nor can such spokesmen speak to the South Americans; one who gibes at the Sacraments as "magic," as Mr. Frank did in his *America Hispana*, immediately cuts himself off from any real understanding of the deep roots and springs of Latin thought and culture. All the Latin Americans may not be fervently practising Catholics, but an awareness of the things of the spirit is in their very blood, and Yankee sneering at age-old traditions can only strengthen the unfortunate impression of our thick-skinned materialism.

This is a vital matter that demands a great deal of sane and cautious thought on the part of any group or office, governmental or otherwise, that contemplates sending representatives south of the Rio Grande. Our so-called liberals, with their amused condescension at the quaintness and vagaries of Latin customs and culture, do more harm in a speech than an enlightened good-neighbor policy can undo in a year.

This is realized in one Government office that deals with Latin-American cultural relations; it is under the direction of a Catholic. Where it must be brought home is to the semi-official agencies, who still largely resent that they have to deal with a Catholic tradition in the South. They may resent; it is a fact to be faced.

JUKE BOXES

THE sounds which emerge from the anti-trust division of the Department of Justice are often like the noise of sweet bells jangled, harsh and out of tune. This cacophony rose to a crashing finale when, a few weeks ago, Mr. Thurman Arnold decided to ask an injunction against a union of musicians, whose president had forbidden the further production of what is known to the trade as "canned music." "Canned Music" is recorded on phonograph records. It may be Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, but usually it is a series of dissonant noises, now imitating a tomtom symphony, as conceived by an African jungle chief under the influence of a particularly potent native alcohol, and now reproducing an explosion in a boiler factory.

This "canned music" is largely used by radio stations, and also by owners of the instrument installed in restaurants, dancing halls and taverns which is known as a "juke box." In our judgment, the country would be much quieter and more peaceful were about ninety per cent of all canned music forbidden by law. Mr. Arnold would stand a better chance of gaining his case, if he indicted the producers and merchandisers on a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses. "Canned" the product may be, but music, it is not.

Unfortunately, these assaults on the ears of the American public have been officially rated by the Government as music. The road suggested by false pretenses is, then, closed to Mr. Arnold. But in our judgment, if Mr. Arnold proceeds against the musicians' union on the charge of a violation of the Sherman anti-trust law, he has no road at all. For that road was completely blocked by recent decisions of the Supreme Court.

But Mr. Arnold is an experienced prosecutor. It may be that his purpose in the case against the musicians' union is not to obtain an order which cancels the union's ban on canned music and the juke box. His aim may be to ascertain the extent to which it is possible to regulate by law the relation of employers and employees. The long line of cases involving labor unions which the Government has lost has established an imposing body of precedents. Experience alone will show whether these precedents should be embodied in law, or modified by law.

SEVEN GERMANS

THE ruling of the Supreme Court on July 31, in the matter of the seven alleged saboteurs, who had applied for a trial by the civil courts, was not unexpected by those who had studied the arguments presented by the Attorney General and by counsel for the prisoners. The sitting of the Court was extraordinary, and the issues before it momentous. The Court sustained the President when it ruled that the military commission, by which the prisoners were being tried, was properly constituted.

While no court should seek popular applause, or permit itself to be swayed by threat of popular disapproval, it can be said that the Supreme Court's ruling will commend itself to the American people. No man who is jealous for his own constitutional rights, and no less jealous for the constitutional rights of his bitterest enemy, views with pleasure the substitution of military tribunals for the courts created by, and under, the Constitution. At the same time, the thoughtful citizen will realize that the Constitution itself authorizes, and therefore justifies, the jurisdiction of the military tribunal. He will, therefore, be no less concerned with the right of the Government to protect itself by unusual, but constitutional, means in unusual times than he is with the right to full justice of men accused of crime.

It seems to us that this ruling of the Supreme Court guarantees one of these ends as effectively as it secures the other. The Government is empowered to use all fit and proper means to protect itself. The citizen, or alien, accused of crime, can rely upon the shield of the civil courts, should any military commission exceed its lawful authority, or use its authority unjustly. What promised to create serious complications has ended with a ruling which should dispel the doubts of the strictest constitutionalist. The very appeal to the Supreme Court, with the Court's acceptance of that appeal, once more affirms the American principle that even in time of war, the military authority must be subject to the civil.

It should be noted that the Court entered a judgment, but did not file an opinion. This will be prepared in due time, and probably will not be published until the Court assembles for the October term. The vital importance of this opinion becomes evident when the argument of the Attorney General is considered. To what extent will the Court sustain the Government's claims? In particular, how will it view the contention that in time of war the acts of the President, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, are subject to no review?

Without presuming to anticipate the Court's opinion, it may be observed that this contention, baldly urged, calls for close scrutiny. There may be reasonable difference of opinion as to what the Chief Executive's war-time powers actually are; as to their extent, and as to the manner in which they are exercised in a particular case. If one man is held to be clothed with an authority, known to be great, but the extent of which has never been com-

pletely charted, and, further, if he is to be the sole judge, subject to no control, of the manner in which they are to be exercised, we seem to have in this country an official not created by the letter of the Constitution, and banned by its spirit.

We pray God that we shall never have a Chief Executive who would not shrink with horror from the very thought of misusing his tremendous authority. But we must remember that the decisions of the Supreme Court, the authorized interpreter of the rights which pertain to officials and citizens alike, create precedents and aid in the formation of public opinion. It is evident from the ruling in this case that the Court is deeply conscious of its responsibilities. The preparation of the full opinion, the Court observed, "will require a considerable period of time."

One other consideration, not, in our opinion, of minor importance, may be suggested. In commenting upon this case, several metropolitan journals observed editorially that the task of the two Colonels appointed to defend the accused men, was "distasteful," and "repulsive." This observation certainly overlooks the presumption that defendants are not to be considered guilty until they have been convicted before a legitimate tribunal. More to the point, it overlooks the fact that the sworn duty of every member of the Bar is to protect by all legitimate means the least rights of his client. When he fails in this duty, he makes a mockery of the due process of law and of the court before which he appears.

One of the most heartening features in this epochal case is the intelligence, zeal, fidelity and love of justice which shine forth in the argument which Colonel Kenneth C. Royall made for the prisoners before the Supreme Court. As long as counsel are left unhampered by fettering restrictions, and permitted to plead without fear of the Government's vengeance, the due processes of justice are safe.

ELASTIC

ONE quality of rubber is elasticity. Scientists have filled volumes with the most frightening mathematical formulae about elasticity. But to most of us elasticity means that rubber can be stretched, and that it snaps back.

The term is also used in the spiritual world, and a conscience stretched to cover a wrong act is said to be an elastic or rubber conscience. It is very commonly found in parents who by preference entrust their children to non-Catholic schools. These parents should be warned that rubber snaps back, as well as stretches. The damage can be serious.

These poor children, sent into the world unarmed, may lose their Faith. Parents who contribute to this sad end may find a place in hell. Saint Paul writes that drunkards have no part in the Kingdom of God. Nor have parents who culpably fail to give their children a religious education.

The Church's laws on education do not counsel merely. They command under pain of sin.

THE REVEALING TEST

IT is the easiest thing in the world for people who do not live habitually in mortal sin (among whom, please God, we are) to persuade themselves that they love God. In a sense they do, but in persuading themselves, they are obliged to use one or more of the devices which, from time to time, must have been employed by the Pharisee in the Temple. Perhaps they do not actually ascribe to themselves a whole series of glorious virtues, for they have not arrived at quite that high point of folly. But they count, as on an unholy pair of beads, and unto at least fifteen decades, the evil deeds that they have not done. There are many good ways for a man to examine his conscience, but this is not one of them.

Now it is an excellent thing to love God enough to keep out of mortal sin. If the moment of death finds my soul free from grave sin, I shall assuredly not be parted from God forever. The degree of love of God which I at that moment possess has enabled me to make a success of life's only important business, which is to save my soul. But no one who takes life's great purpose seriously should rest satisfied with merely not offending God seriously. I can save my soul if I go through life, a good easy man who never does anyone any great harm, provided that at the moment of my summons my soul is not stained by mortal sin. But the love of God to which we should aspire has not much in common with the careers of good easy men. It is, rather, a flaming energy that lifts me above this earth, and keeps me ever tending to closer and more intimate union with God.

Such an aspiration may seem unreal, and quite unconnected with life on this battlefield that we call the world. Yet as we see from our Gospel (Saint Luke, x, 23-37) this love of God is so real, that it can be subjected to practical test. The lawyer who came to Jesus to ask how to gain eternal life, was bidden to answer his own question. This he did by quoting from Deuteronomy (vi, 5) and Leviticus (xix, 18) the great law of God and of our neighbor, and his answer was approved by Jesus. What is particularly notable in this Gospel, and perhaps its chief lesson for us, is that Jesus terminates the interview with the lawyer by telling the story of a Samaritan who did a great service of mercy not to a friend, but to one whom tribal and religious prejudice ranked as his enemy.

Our Lord here defined "neighbor" to make it embrace every son of Adam, friend or foe, differing from us in race, opposed to us in customs, religious belief and national ambition. The reality of our love of God is tested by our love of all whom God has made in His Image. To love God, then, is a necessary thing, but it is not an easy thing. It means not only that repression of our selfish desires which is elemental in the Christian life, but active and practical service of our neighbor.

Yet with God's help, we can daily increase in that love which brings salvation and sanctification. Is my love of God a love which proves itself by unselfish service of my neighbor? If it is not, I cannot flatter myself that it is genuine.

LITERATURE AND ARTS

THANKS TO CRITICS

MICHAEL KENT

IN most literary supplements and on book pages, a section is reserved for correspondence. Here authors defend their professional honor against the attacks of critics; and since, in a merely personal quarrel, cruder weapons are prohibited, they challenge their detractors to combat with typewriters at thirty, or three hundred, miles. In this duel distance is no obstacle.

For it is a duel. Under the impact of adverse criticism, the author will spring to his typewriter and attack with all the invective at his command. In a later issue the critic will reply, with the self-righteous complacency of one who knows that what's done should have been done, and cannot be undone, and the doing was his, and he is glad of it. There lies the miserable book, stabbed to death with his pen, as it deserved to be; no protests, denunciations or epithets from the outraged author can bring this poor trash to life again.

It is difficult to make a quick adjustment to suddenly altered circumstances. Workers on the skeletons of skyscrapers, braced against the constant wind, often fall if it stops blowing. Critics are without doubt accustomed to expect only indignation from the writers whose works they judge adversely. I wish, however, to give them thanks.

And this not from any vengeful motive of casting them from the ivory tower of critical superiority to the literary pavement, far below. My thanks are not ironic, but sincere. The combined comments on *The Mass of Brother Michel*, favorable and otherwise, have added up to a somewhat bewildering experience which I did not anticipate. I am grateful for it.

For some time I have read book reviews rather than books reviewed. Through this habit I had developed (or thought I had) a certain facility in recognizing types of books and the sort of criticism each type would elicit; but when it came to predicting critical reactions to my own work, I gave it up. Reading review after review, I could not fit Brother Michel into any of them. I could not imagine him, accompanied by Marceline, passing the reviewers' stand in the modern literary parade. But I knew that sooner or later he must do so; I dreaded to think what the comments on him would be.

Now I know; and it is well I refrained from prophecy. What has actually happened would not have occurred to me. The critics have passed judgment, and that judgment is in no two cases alike.

The divergence of opinion is indeed so great that

it is hard to believe that these comments concern the same book.

The first to fall beneath my eyes informed me that "there are 305 pages of heart-throbs in this book." The second warned me to expect "an expository style and a sermon between the acts."

"Heart-throbs—"! This refers, surely, not to a story of monastic life, but to some lush and burning romance. "Expository style . . . sermons. . . ." This, on the other hand, can only describe a tract. A third, and very favorable, criticism ignores both heart-throbs and sermons, and finds the author's wit playing "happily over every scene." With uncompromising bluntness another contradicts this verdict: "This book is not witty, nor, from many points of view, well written." Here, already, is a mélange of heart-throbs, sermons, wit, dulness and bad writing, which an enthusiast nevertheless declares should be "forced into the hands of those who think that the age of fine writing has passed away."

A parish magazine elevates it to the dignity of the editorial page (an honor hitherto reserved for Saint Francis de Sales!), while a periodical devoted to reviews relegates it to briefer notices at the end, where it is summarily dismissed as "heavily told." The contradictions continue: "idiosyncracies of style" do not obscure a strong theme; "felicities of style" do not save a weak one. Its "weighty, serious morality" makes "slow reading." On the contrary: it is "dramatic and tense." "It is not a good novel." It is "nobly done." "The power of the theme stands out boldly." The theme is "too slight."

Fantastic, but true: these are all comments on the same book. Heart-throbs and sermons, tense drama and weighty morality, wit and the want of it, unfortunate style and happy phrasing, grace and heaviness, charm and slowness, a strong theme and a weak one—these qualities characterize a book which is compared unfavorably with Father Bonn's work and mentioned not disparagingly (I blush to say) alongside the classics of Saint Francis de Sales. The six blind men were not more at odds in their decisions about the elephant: *The Mass of Brother Michel* is at the same time good and bad; dull and entertaining; slow and swift; clumsy and graceful; strong and weak; a romance and a sermon; a drama and a tract.

The critics, of course, are always right. But how can a single book be all these things? From these contradictions one conclusion must be drawn: Brother Michel is unique, without precedent in literary history. For such a verdict, though unconsciously rendered, an author cannot but give thanks.

One only of these judgments do I protest, and that not as an author, but as a Catholic.

Writing in *Columbia*, a well known critic does

not withhold a certain measure of praise. He finds it "edifying," even "deeply spiritual"; parts of it are "beautifully worked out." But in spite of its "felicities of phrase and the attractiveness of its protagonist," it is "unhappily, not a good novel." The reason for this is bluntly stated: "It is weak." The theme is "too slight" for 305 pages, whether of heart-throbs or sermons. It is insufficient "to bear the superstructure of characterization, historical background, and incident . . . reared upon it."

He thus summarizes the trivial theme: "Michel . . . comes to sanctity through suffering," and "eventually to martyrdom."

Politics, economics, war, social problems, vice, crime, the wanderings of lost souls through the unsavory mazes of debauchery—all of these have served as themes on which towering superstructures have been reared, in novels running to well over a thousand pages. Such themes are always declared by critics to be strong, virile, powerful, vigorous, compelling; and with them this reviewer would doubtless agree. "Sanctity through suffering," on the other hand, he finds a "slight theme." I doubt if the Church would support this decision.

The spiritual life does not often serve as a theme for novels. It is a difficult subject at best: I would not blame any writer for avoiding it, or any critic for charging me with failure. Had this critic declared: "The author spoils a strong theme with weak handling," I could only utter a humble *mea culpa*, and accuse myself of presumption in attempting a task beyond my powers. What writer could hope to be equal to it? Who could do it justice? Not even Shakespeare; certainly not myself.

"Sanctity through suffering." These are sublime words. They point to heights of heroic drama the greatest artist cannot quite scale. For the Catholic writer, here is a supreme challenge: the most daring and most difficult, the most thrilling and the most powerful, of all possible themes.

LONG, GABBY NOVELS

HAROLD C. GARDINER

A PARAGRAPH in the very clever *The Pleasures of Publishing*, the weekly trade-letter of the Columbia University press, reminds us, in the words of Helen E. Haines' *What's in a Novel*, that "very long novels are not new in English fiction." England used to have the old "three-deckers," three-volume novels, which flourished from the 1830's to the '80's. So that *Anthony Adverse*, with its half-million words, *Of Time and the River*, with its 360,000 and *Gone with the Wind*, of a mere 412,000, seem to be in a venerable tradition.

This rang a bell in my mind, somehow or other, and sent me scurrying back through my file of the New York Times Book Review section. Some

months ago, May 31, to be exact, the London literary scene was surveyed by Herbert W. Horwill. He reported on an article that had appeared in the London *Times* Literary Supplement, and it strikes me that some snippets from it are pertinent here. They ran:

In most modern writing, an individual style has become, and is becoming, rarer. The general level of writing has risen, but the high peaks of supreme excellence do not emerge from the range. In book after book, one finds little at which to cavil . . . yet the general effect is perhaps of sameness and poverty.

In exploring the reason for this modern falling-off, the article lays it at the door of the nature of the public demand; readers are hurried and superficial, and so, therefore, are the writers.

Modern writing is too often composed with an ever-present thought of an audience. More and more the modern writer seeks less to express his own vision than to impress others. He wishes to please the greatest number of readers, and they are easily pleased.

What has this to do with the matter of the long novel? Just this—that if the author writes to give easily pleased readers what they want, he will generally end up by giving them quantity rather than quality.

The article goes on:

Omission is the soul of art, but it must be omission which, as in the case of Shakespeare, is the ultimate outcome of a great exuberance, sifted with consummate subtlety. . . . The secret of success is that the richness should be in the writer's mind, the simplicity in his expression. The literary artist today, with a mistaken idea of sincerity, will keep nothing hidden. He is like a schoolgirl practicing her scales in public.

This, alas, we fear to be one of the reasons for many a long modern novel. It is possible, you see, simply to have the gift of gab, even in writing. Thomas Wolfe was certainly afflicted with this fatal boon—he tries to talk himself, through paragraphs and pages, into clarity; *that* ought to have been done in his own heart and soul before it was put on the printed page.

Suggestion is still one of the prime canons of art (it is too often confused with suggestiveness) and if you would see a splendid example of how it can heighten the living into an age and its customs, compare the reticence of *Sapphira and the Slave Girl* with the garrulousness of *Gone With the Wind*. In art, as in life, à Kempis' remarks on much speaking are pat.

It all comes down to the deep and fundamental problem of discipline; one of the most splendid manifestations of that asceticism is knowing when to stop. It is quite true that *ex abundantia cordis os loquitur* ("out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh"), but it is *from* the abundance—not all the abundance is poured out in each speaking.

At least, it comes down nearly to this. If so many authors write so much because we read too fast, perhaps we had better slow up on the reading. Then we might get better quality—and this column would be much shorter.

BOOKS

IRISH HISTORY IN MINIATURE

BOWEN'S COURT. By Elizabeth Bowen. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.50

THE author presents the history of her people through eleven generations from Henry Bowen, a Cromwellian colonel, who purchased confiscated Irish estates in North Cork and established on them the family seat, Bowen's Court, down to the present day. A rather circumscribed subject, one might have thought; but the lively, intimate style and the happy choice of incidents make the book really interesting reading.

The course of the family fortunes is traced always in the background of Irish History. Before the account of each generation's joys and sorrows, the contemporary happenings in Ireland are detailed. Miss Bowen professes not to be writing a history of her native land; yet when the book is done she has given a good summary of Erin's story. It is put down with a fairness and an understanding which are remarkable in one deriving from the Protestant Ascendancy. The authoress holds no illusions about the Cromwellians' title to Irish lands and she portrays them and their descendants as an alien gentry, possessing scarcely an inkling of the Irish Ireland. She is to be thanked for exposing the myth of the "buffoon Paddy," the brainless, capering, happy-go-lucky caricature of the Celtic Irishman. The authoress is especially happy in her depiction of life in the eighteenth-century Spa at Mallow and in the days of Protestant gentry of the late Victorian times.

But the most enjoyable chapter in the whole book is the first, the description of the North Cork country, the lovely course of the Blackwater from Mallow to Fermoy, and the mountains and valleys in the sight of Doneraile and Mitchelstown. The book, being a family history, has but a limited appeal; yet even here it is valuable for the insights into life and the ideas of the people of the Irish Protestant Ascendancy which it affords. As a contribution to the wider field of Irish History, it offers a clear examination into the purposes of Henry Grattan and his Parliament and of Wolfe Tone and his United Irishmen.

MARTIN P. HARNEY

TOO NOBLE ABOLITIONISM

THE DRUMS OF MORNING. By Philip Van Doren Stern. Doubleday, Doran and Co. \$3

ARMED with a most impressive appendix of sources to bolster its historicity, this novel on the Abolitionist movement made its debut with a great deal of fanfare. It is, however, just another garden variety of historical novel; it has all the stock complications we expect—a duel, two prison escapes, war, blockade-running, slave-smuggling, the secrecy of the Underground Railroad, and of course, three very casually accepted, if not too detailed, sex affairs.

Jonathan Bradford is won to a passionate devotion for Abolitionism by the death of his father in that cause. To study the conditions of slaves at first hand, he travels through the South, posing as an agriculturalist. There his adventures pile up thick and fast, but he escapes to the North and opens an Underground station on the Pennsylvania farm of his foster-parents. The imminence of the Civil War sends him into the South again. Capture and several years in prison keep him from much active part in the fighting, and he returns safe at last to marry his girlhood sweetheart, Lucy.

The story is full of action enough to be rather enter-

taining reading, but it labors from one great defect: it is all much too much black and white. All the Abolitionists are noble souls; there is little indication in the story of the rabidness that did so much as a matter of historical fact to discountenance the very humane motives that inspired the work. The Southerners are all intolerant and arrogant, and the whole complex causes of the Civil War are reduced to the simple terms of an anti-slavery campaign.

If you read for entertainment, you can do better in many another modern historical novel; if you read for instruction, you will get here a too one-sided view, told with all the trappings of romance, but through the mouths of characters that just miss being flesh and blood.

HAROLD C. GARDINER

FOUR DECADES OF THE CHURCH

THE HISTORY OF THE POPES. By Ludwig von Pastor. Volumes XXXIII and XXXIV. B. Herder Book Co. \$5 each volume.

DOM ERNEST GRAB, O.S.B., of Buckfort Abbey, continues his important work of rendering Pastor's classic work into English. The two volumes under consideration extend from the years 1700 to 1740; that is, the Pontificates of Clement XI, Innocent XIII, Benedict XIII and Clement XII.

For the Holy See, this period was one of the most strenuous since the disturbance of the Protestant Revolt. It begins with the truculence of the Emperor Joseph I of Austria and his attack on and defeat of the Papal Troops; the threat of another invasion of Christendom by the Turks, and the upsurge of Jansenism in France and the Netherlands.

Altogether, the period covered by Pastor in these two volumes embraces one of the most turbulent times with which the Popes had to deal. For in considering the trials of the Papacy in the forty years which are herein covered, the student of history has to remember that the Pope was not only Supreme Pontiff of the Universal Church, but also Ruler of the Pontifical States. And the Pontifical States, as history has shown, were looked upon by more than one European sovereign as desirable territory to be nibbled at.

But it was not only in Europe that the Holy See was occupied with important questions. In the missionary sphere there was the controversy in the matter of the Chinese rites, which involved the question of the relations of the Jesuit missionaries with their native converts and the ultimate condemnation by Rome of the ancestral ceremonies common to all the Chinese. Then there was the tangled question of the Malabar rites or customs in India, in which again the Jesuit missionaries were involved.

So through these forty years, which saw the succession of four Popes, within ancient Christendom and beyond, the Church was face to face with problems, both ecclesiastical and political, that seemed almost about to break the guiding power of the Supreme Pontiffs. But for all that, it is a rich period in the life of the Church; for the Holy See faced these vexed problems and, as time has shown, she emerged from all these perils stronger and more ready to face valiantly even greater dangers that threatened.

Pastor has dealt with the utmost clarity with these difficult years in the Church's history, and perhaps it is not too great a tribute to his historical genius to say that he has cleared up many a problem on which light needed to be shed.

HENRY WATTS



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AND THE FLOODS CAME. By Arnold Lunn. Eyre and Spottiswoode, Ltd., London. 15/

WITH a picture-phrase from the parable for a title, the author of *Come What May* adds a "conclusion" (so the jacket announces) to his autobiography. By all means let Mr. Lunn keep on "concluding." The autobiography was published at the outbreak of this war; the present volume (237 pages) adds to that book the author's war-time reminiscences from November, 1940, to May, 1941—when he traveled lecturing in the United States, and a summary of the months after his return to England, to January, 1942.

In addition to the charms of accomplished style in the English language—the text flavored, too, with apt allusion to his wide cultural reading—Mr. Lunn shows in this book that he is a most honest of reporters of the opinions of those whose minds he sought to explore on the subject of the war. He marks off the thought of others very clearly from his own opinion and from his own conclusions. He emerges the honest British gentleman and patriot. Read him at his best, perhaps in the chapter "Americans and the War," but throughout with pleasure and enlightenment.

ROBERT E. HOLLAND

THE HOUSE OF PEACE: NOTES ON THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.

By M. F. Egan, S.J. Gill and Son. \$2.50

THE author's previous work, *We Would See Jesus*, attracted much favorable attention. He is delightfully practical in applying the principles of the spiritual life. In the first chapter, "The Sacrament of the Present Moment," we read: "God speaks to me in particular through the fraction of creation with which I am here and now in contact . . . the joys, the sorrows, the duties . . . of the present moment." The chapter on "Martha and Mary" will bring encouragement to the respective followers of these two Saints.

DANIEL M. O'CONNELL, S.J.

SAINT LOUISE DE MARILLAC. By M. V. Woodgate. B. Herder Book Co. \$2

THREE centuries ago, Louise de Marillac pioneered an active Religious life for women and founded the Sisters of Charity. If her part as foundress of the Order has been overshadowed by the greatness of her collaborator and spiritual father, Saint Vincent de Paul, this account helps correct that impression. Blending a genius for organization with a tender love for the young, the poor, and the afflicted, Saint Louise transformed country girls into efficient nursing sisters. Under her inspiration they carried through the drastic reforms she introduced in hospital procedure.

The story of this surprisingly modern Saint is told in pleasant human vein by an historian of the period. It is recommended spiritual and sociological reading.

FREDERIC J. FOLWY, S.J.

THE CHRISTIAN APPROACH TO THE MOSLEM. By James Thayer Addison. Columbia University Press. \$3.75

DR. ADDISON has written a book that will interest Protestants of an evangelical bent and prove challenging to mission-minded Catholics. Among non-Christians, only the disciples of Confucius outnumber the followers of Mohammed. Naturally enough, there have always been Christians whose desire it was to win Islam to Christ. During the twelve centuries following the death of the Arabian "Prophet," these mission-minded Christians were also Catholics. Saint John of Damascus, Ramón Lull, Saint Francis of Assisi and Saint Ignatius of Loyola—all desired to convert the "Moor." In the first quarter of his book, Dr. Addison sketches rapidly, for the most part with a broad crayon, the history of the Catholic effort.

Something more than a century ago began the first missions of Protestants to Moslems. And in the remaining three quarters of his work, Dr. Addison concerns himself solely with a chronicle of the efforts of various Protestant organizations in this field. Turkey, Syria, Egypt, Iran, Arabia, Northern India, the Netherlands Indies and Negro Africa each receives a chapter. Other and less important Moslem groups are dealt with in nine

brief appendices. A valuable nineteen-page bibliography, and a careful index complete the volume. The writing in the major portion of the work is clear, interesting and straightforward. Brief historical and political introductions to the main chapters give the setting of the work in the different countries. Here and there we note a sentence that rings harshly on the Catholic ear. The "influence" of the Jesuits on the Maronites of Lebanon as a factor in "impeding" the work of the Protestants is something which simply does not make sense.

But these blemishes are few. A greater defect, to our way of thinking, is the title of the book. Since practically the whole work is devoted to the account of Protestant efforts, it seems that, despite the warning of Dr. Addison, the more proper title would be: "The Protestant Approach to the Moslem." But on the whole we are grateful to the author for collecting into one book much data that might otherwise be difficult to find. A complementary work on the Catholic approach to the Moslem is needed and would be most welcome.

RICHARD J. MCCARTHY, S.J.

OUT ON ANY LIMB. By John Myers Myers. E. P. Dutton and Co. \$2.50

IN the days of Queen Elizabeth, a lad fresh from college needed not to pine away for want of excitement. To be immersed in hazardous adventure, a gentleman like Master Ingram Applegarth had only to fall in with a couple of merry knights like Sir Chidioc Sangrel and Sir Roger Stukely. For a swordsman with the skill of Ingram the knights had employment in practical politics which promised to be free from the dull monotony of routine labor. Tracking down the murderers of their friend, Lord Darking, and avenging his death, was the business of the moment.

There were dangers involved in the high emprise, but the prospect of winning the hand of so lovely a maid as Marian Darking made the risk desirable. With swagging nonchalance Ingram recites the sequence of events which led to his matrimonial proposal. It is a ludicrous tale garnished with drinking songs and amorous verses, but unfortunately its entertainment value suffers considerably from the author's indulgence of an obvious penchant for nastiness. It is regrettable that a story so substantially diverting should be spoiled by the injection of passages not merely crude and indecent but positively repulsive. Wake up, Mr. Myers, before you discover too late that you have been digging your own inglorious literary grave.

MICHAEL J. HARDING

A GLANCE AT THE BOOK CASE

SHORT sermons are not easy as they may seem, but the Rev. Carlton A. Prindeville, C.M. in *Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal* (Herder. \$1.75) has managed in twenty-seven short sermons, including three on the Miraculous Medal, to suggest topics for short sermons. And busy parish priests will appreciate these sermon notes.

Saint John Bosco is one of our most popular Saints today, though a great many of us trouble little to learn much about this most lovable character. So, for the younger generation here is Anna Kuhn's *The Quest of Don Bosco* (Bruce. \$2), which parents and guardians are recommended to place in the hands of young readers. For if ever there was a Saint for the youngsters, it is Saint John Bosco.

Two Protestants, a Catholic priest, a Jewish rabbi and a Hindu combine in outlining their religious convictions in *Faith for Today* (Doubleday, Doran. \$2). It is, of course, a peculiar combination, from Catholicism to the Pantheism of a Hindu swami. But this religious symposium is written in such language and manner that the average reader may get an idea of what beliefs, if any, are held in common by some or all.

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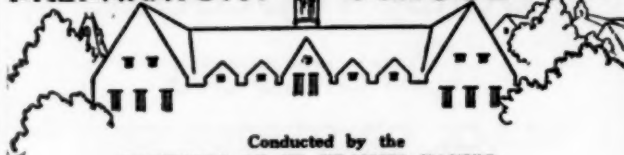
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Chicago Press. \$1.50), which is edited by Dr. John Knox, nine professors of the University of Chicago Divinity School, in the Walgreen Lectures for 1941-1942, endeavor to discuss the present crisis of civilization and what it means to the Protestant Churches of America. At least three chapters in this collection will have some interest for Catholic readers, and particularly the argument against Pacifism by Dr. Knox himself.

Christianity and the Family, by Ernest R. Groves (Macmillan. \$2) consists of the Rauschenbusch Lectures, given at the Colgate-Rochester Divinity School. The idea is a plea to the Protestant ministry for a more practical and understanding interest in the family, with more appreciation of its relation to Christianity. However, Dr. Groves puts forward some points of view that are not compatible with Catholicism, even though his ideas on the family are sound as far as they go.

Alexander Poliakov's *Russians Don't Surrender* (Dutton. \$2.50) has a longish introduction by Pierre Van Paassen. It is more or less a short diary by a soldier correspondent of the Soviet newspaper *Red Star*, and it is not detracting from the valor of the troops of our Russian ally to say that the book is somewhat overrated. Apart from that, it is a tribute to the fighting spirit of the Russian soldiers, who are not all necessarily Red troops.

Mr. Dooley's America. A Life of Finley Peter Dunne by Elmer Ellis (Knopf. \$3) is a piece of our national literature. For there was really a Mr. Dooley, even if his name was not exactly spelled that way. But it is not so much Mr. Dooley who is the subject of this most entertaining Life as his creator. This is the sort of book to cheer many a one of us in these days of stress and strain.

The Man Who Lived for Tomorrow, by Wade W. Oliver (Dutton. \$3.75) is a biography of Dr. William Hallock Park, a young throat specialist who became Director of the Bureau of Laboratories of the New York City Department of Health and one of the world's foremost authorities on municipal and public health problems. In his sphere Dr. Park was a genius—the biography shows that; but he was not another Pasteur or Lister, even if the blurb says so.

American art may mean all sorts of things, and not all of them beautiful. However, in *The Emergence of an American Art*, by Jerome Mellquist (Scribner. \$3.75) we do get an insight into art that may truly be called American—meaning by that, of the United States. Few of our people know anything at all about the art that has emerged in recent years: here is the opportunity to find out what Americans of the United States have done.

Babette Deutsch is responsible for *Rogue's Legacy. A Novel About François Villon* (Coward-McCann. \$2.75) which, to be plain, is a historical romance rather than a historical novel. Since the author is a poet, it is natural that into the story there are worked her own renditions of Villon's famous songs. It is a fine book, except that in parts it smacks of the French gutter!

Dinner at Belmont, by Alfred Leland Crabb (Bobbs-Merrill. \$2.50), is a Civil War book which fixes itself around Nashville. Interesting and wholesome, it gives a picture of courage in one war that might quite well serve for imitation in another. Its picturization of the South is good, and the Yankee is treated with a considerable kindness, not always to be found in some of the novels about the Civil War. THE GLANCER

MARTIN P. HARNEY, professor of the history of the Reformation at Boston College, is the author of *The Jesuits in History*.

HENRY WATTS, librarian at Campion House, is a not infrequent contributor to AMERICA's columns, chiefly on historical matters.

RICHARD J. MCCARTHY, S.J., speaks from first-hand information on the problem of the Moslems; he has done missionary work in Iraq.

THEATRE

BIG SCENES IN '42 PLAYS. It is always interesting to look back at the end of a theatrical season and recall what seemed the biggest scenes in the new plays. There was a gratifying number of such scenes in our seven conceded successes. But *The Wookey*, which passed too soon, furnished two of them, with Mr. Edmund Gwenn practically alone in both.

The first, of course, was that scene in which, after an air raid, frantically searching in the wreckage of his home for his wife, *The Wookey* (Mr. Gwenn) discovered her dead on a stretcher. The quiet poignancy of that scene should be a lesson to all players. The husband looked down at his wife for a long moment, speechless and motionless, while every spectator in the theatre shared his incredulity, his shock, his mental agony. The next minute he had re-covered the beloved face, and was again at work helping others.

At the end of the play he had a wholly different scene. As he climbed from his dugout to go to his death, the radio started a boastful German speech. *The Wookey* turned, looked down, and uttered a snarl of indescribable contempt. That snarl and his expression should have shriveled any guilty German who saw the play.

In *Blithe Spirit*, the best scene is also in pantomime. The malignant ghost wife, making trouble in the home of her living husband, goes into a fantastic and wonderful dance to express her triumph. That scene is Leonora Corbett's. She is alone on the stage for it, as she should be. In it she conveys not only the elfish mood of the moment but an extraordinary sense of a body without weight—a haunting achievement.

The best scene of the entire season, on any New York stage, was Judith Anderson's sleep-walking scene in *Macbeth*. It is long since we have been given the equal of that, and we may not see its like again. Another scene which refuses to let me forget it is Judith Evelyn's final scene in *Angel Street*. Throughout the play she has been tortured by her husband. At the end, the police have him helplessly trussed in a chair when she goes into the room for a moment alone with him. There she plays with him like a cat with a mouse, letting him think she means to save him, apparently hesitating, keeping his nerves on edge, finally leaving him trapped.

While of course they do not come under the head of great acting, I like especially Patricia Reardon's beautiful doll-scene in *Junior Miss*. The transition from the would-be sophisticate, with all her artificiality, to a little girl playing with her doll, was very subtly and beautifully made.

But from *Guest In The House* I have my most persistent memory. It covers the penultimate scene in which another welcome newcomer to stardom, Mary Anderson, carries the action with one of our best actresses, Katherine Emmet. Miss Anderson, the guest, has destroyed the happiness of the home that welcomed her. Being the victim of a serious heart ailment, she is supposed to be there for rest and quiet. At the end, she is the victim of one of her own phobias—a terror of birds.

A bird flies into the living room. Frantic with terror, the guest races around the room fancying herself pursued. Aunt Martha (Miss Emmet), the only other occupant of the room, grasps the situation, watches the death whirl and deliberately lets the home-wrecker die. Her work as she sits there, with no lines, calls for infinite subtlety, suggestion and finesse—exercised without interfering with the star. Miss Emmet has them all. That means a beautiful performance by the two actresses—the one all action, the other all silent tension.

I'd like to speak again of Miss Le Gallienne's perfect acting throughout *Uncle Harry*, but I lack the space. However, those eight scenes seem to me the high-lights of the past dramatic season.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

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You will want to have the distinctly novel picture of "Christ the Worker," which will appear on the cover of our September issue. It is a reproduction of an oil by a talented Mexican artist, Calendario Rivas, the only painting we have seen that portrays our Lord in adult life as a carpenter working with St. Joseph.

In September will occur the three hundredth anniversary of the martyrdom of St. René Goupil, S.J., at Auriesville, N. Y. It will be commemorated by a special article.

Among other features will be five stories: one about the popular Dr. Thompson; one by our new author, Bernard Basset, S.J. (a consoling tale of a cheerful soldier nicknamed "Sergeant O.K."); the others by Katherine Brégy, David O'Brien, and Thomas B. Chetwood, S.J.

Be sure to get this attractive number.

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FILMS

WAR AGAINST MRS. HADLEY. That pride goes before a fall is proved most satisfactorily by the capricious, pampered heroine of this picture. It takes the tragedies of war to precipitate the modern socialite from her lofty, lonely tower into a world of reality and to awaken her to possibilities of unselfishness toward her family and her country. Mrs. Hadley, a wealthy Washington matron, refuses to acknowledge that war is a fact even after Pearl Harbor. She recognizes the conflict only on those occasions when it interferes with the routine of her little world, but events in her own household finally blast the woman out of her complacency. Forced to face realities, Mrs. Hadley sees people and things without a myopic slant. Life takes on new interests and joys, the war is no longer a nuisance, it becomes her problem. Director Harold Bucquet has successfully recorded an analysis of a spoiled woman's transformation into a happy, useful citizen. Fay Bainter proves once more that she is a capable actress and in an unsympathetic role compels the audience to pity the misguided heroine. Edward Arnold, Spring Byington, Sara Algood are a few of the notable cast who give expert performances in a film that is worthy of the whole family's patronage. (MGM)

THE LOVES OF EDGAR ALLAN POE. Though the title is lurid enough to suggest tabloid sensationalism, the production is a not too exciting piece about the vicissitudes of the famous author's life. Some liberties have been taken with the fact, but on the whole the story of Poe, his rebellious nature, his romantic and professional tragedies, is authentic. The narrative reveals that an unreasonable foster-father caused his early bitter attitude toward the world. His happy marriage came to an early end when his wife contracted a sickness that made her an invalid for some time before her death, his works, that were later to become renowned, found no saleable market, until at the age of forty he died a disappointed, broken man. The script is stiff and dated, and Harry Lachman's direction is too slowly paced and there are no moments of lightness to relieve the drab drama. John Sheppard is satisfying as the delicate, artistic Poe, Linda Darnell is sufficiently attractive to be his inspiration as his wife. This costume piece can be recommended to family audiences who do not demand action in their melodramas. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

LITTLE TOKYO, U.S.A. With actual exploits of spies filling our newspaper columns these days, too often the shadowy yarns cast on the screen seem pale by comparison. This is one melodrama dealing with our Oriental enemies that suffers to a degree, but it is topical enough to capture one's attention. Preston Foster is cast as a detective who suspects fifth columnists in Los Angeles' Little Tokyo before December 7. A record of double-dealing and espionage, this feature is moderately exciting, but it is most satisfying in the finale where news-reel shots of mass evacuations from California are utilized effectively. The members of the family who enjoy wartime melodrama will find something to please here. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

BLONDIE FOR VICTORY. It was probably inevitable that Blondie would get mixed up with war work. She does and she disrupts the neighborhood when she organizes the Housewives of America. Neglected husbands take a hand and with Dagwood's aid convince the scatterbrained heroine and their wives that a woman's first place is in her home. Young and old moviegoers who follow this series will be able to take this in their stride. (Columbia)

MARY SHERIDAN

CORRESPONDENCE

HOW RICH MAY WE BE?

EDITOR: May I offer a few remarks concerning some statements made in the letter of Frank Gudas (AMERICA, July 11) which are decidedly untrue and misleading?

Mr. Gudas writes: "Though churchmen have discussed the question as to how many devils can dance on a needle's point, they have failed to discuss how much income a man may have, how rich he may be. . . . That lapse has been ignored by the true Church."

The true Church has not decided how rich a man may be for the simple reason that wealth in itself is neither good nor bad morally. In the hands of men of good will it may be the source of innumerable blessings. When accompanied by greed and selfishness, it produces untold misery.

But to say that the Church has no teachings concerning the use of wealth and the solution of social and economic problems, or that "churchmen failed to discuss" this question, is a sign of unbelievable ignorance. Anybody who says a thing like that, must bewail his own incompetence and not the negligence of the Church.

We can solve those problems and solve them very well not by berating our Church but by following its teachings. The very evils enumerated in Mr. Gudas' letter derive from the fact that persons or nations, supposedly Catholic, refused to follow its doctrine and in many cases preferred to sit in judgment over it.

Address withheld.

T. S. Z.

SOME NATIONS ARE PAPER DOLLS

EDITOR: In your issue of July 25, you state that Mr. Walter Lippmann makes an excellent point in regard to "the restoration and reconstruction of American education."

The point, perhaps, may be considered an excellent one indeed, but the way Mr. Lippmann arrives to it is not excellent at all.

While Mr. Lippmann was criticizing Prof. Renner's "maps for a New World," he got red-hot defending independence of Switzerland, Portugal, Belgium, Holland. But when he earlier discussed the Russian grab of the Baltic States he was ice-cold to the fate of this set of nations.

If this attitude were to become at all general among American makers of public opinion, if American statesmen and journalists were to regard some nations worthy of independence, and others as if they were inanimate objects, mannikins, paper dolls, then the outlook of the future would be dark indeed.

Chicago, Ill.

FRANK GUDAS

NOVELS OR NOVELTIES?

EDITOR: May I respectfully suggest that Francis B. Thornton's case against James Turner's *Case Against Perfection* (AMERICA, July 25) is, in his own words, "no case at all"? Its language is unnecessarily sharp. But, beyond that, it makes no great show of logic—"flashy" or otherwise.

We are not aware that Mr. Turner minimizes the importance of characterization in the novel. What he means to say (we take it) is that the plot of a novel is the "story"—not, of course, the novel—and that said story (plot) should be at least broadly humanizing. Its realism should be a humane realism. Apart from that, we are quite ready to admit that the plot itself should grow out of the characters.

On this view it is a waste of time to say that "those

novelists who still persist in writing *simple* (italics ours) stories with plot predominating are necessarily second rate." Of course!

Next, we are referred to the "insights" developed in *War and Peace* and (of all things!) in *The Labyrinthine Ways*. And again the author of the latter is mentioned in the same breath as Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Undset, etc. (one misses Sienkiewicz!).

But this critic has no use for Mr. Green's "insight," and he ventures to think that Mr. Thornton is not helping the cause of good reading by his open admiration for said writer. Mr. Greene's realism (even when it is realism) is at best photographic. It has no third dimension. It lacks the humanizing factor. It is the realism of *Scarlet Sister Mary*.

New Orleans, La.

EUGENE M. BECK

TREASURE IN A CELLAR

EDITOR: About three weeks ago this forty-year older found a job in the library here as janitor. On three nights a week I have to work until nine at night. As the janitor must necessarily remain more or less out of sight, in a very clean and modernized basement, time hung heavily on my hands. Until, in a pile of discarded magazines, I found innumerable copies of AMERICA.

Now, after this miraculous discovery, I find my three evenings' time tinged with the gold of excellent, informative, unbiased, Christian, truthful and truly Catholic literature. Belloc, Father Feeney, Theodore Maynard, Elizabeth Jordan and others of like caliber are my inspired companions.

To say that today, more than ever, AMERICA is a sparkingly good deed in a naughty world, is putting it very mildly. May I have the opportunity to come upon many more copies of your excellent periodical.

Providence, R. I.

EDWARD LENNON

SWINGEING ANSWERED

EDITOR: Two observations in Francis B. Thornton's piece (*Mr. Turner Swinged*, AMERICA, July 25) concerning my piece merit reply.

He points out the subordination of plot to character-drawing in the modern novel. Characters, of course, are people and people are human beings. Does it not follow then that I was shooting pretty close to the mark when I said that as far as the novel is concerned, the critic is thankful that at best he is a moralist? Is it not, as a matter of fact, really essential that anyone who essays to pass judgment on character—even fictional character—should possess sound moral equipment? Perhaps the ideal is the person who is critic-psychiatrist-moralist.

He objects to my linking the names of Milltown and Rome and from this linking concludes that I am an anti-integrationist. If he means by that term what I think (or guess) he means, I am not an anti-integrationist. I am a pro-integrationist, although I should hate to be tagged with such a mystifying label.

As I see it, human beings (the principal stuff of the novel) are of equal intrinsic value in Milltown and Rome. For example, Eugenio Pacelli in his sacred office of Pope occupies a position that is unique in all the world. Eugenio Pacelli in his humanity walks intimately with the weaver of Milltown. It may rightly be argued that as Pope his intimacy is all the greater; but that is another point which is connected with the supreme integration of life and such integration is best explained by interpreters of the doctrine of the Mystical Body.

He fears that if one is not careful about the "relative"

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values of Milltown and Rome the result will be pornography. By what kind of logic does he reach that conclusion?

Rutland, Mass.

JAMES TURNER

CATHOLIC ACTION THROUGH ACTU

EDITOR: The article by Benjamin L. Masse, *Who Has All the Answers with the World Upside Down?* (AMERICA, July 18) makes anyone interested in the spread of the Church's social teachings toss his hat in the air. The analysis of the American social scene is very well done. Would that more Catholics could be so well informed and well balanced. Perhaps some day more Catholics will be persuaded to form their views from Catholic doctrines and outlook, rather than from the un-Catholic productions of the secular press.

The two closing paragraphs were particularly interesting, even though a bit disappointing, at least to some readers. The conclusions reached by the writer were sensible and courageous. But some implications could be challenged.

First of all, the only ones in the field of Catholic social activity are not they who oppose "imperfections" and "potential dangers." The Association of Catholic Trade Unionists has a constructive approach and has used it, as a survey of its five-year record will disclose. It has never hesitated to "enter the forum and take sides." The ACTU has used Catholic criteria to pass judgment on legislation—and on many other things besides.

Furthermore, it has tried to work hand in hand with men of good will, wherever they may be found. It has even supported them against Catholics who were disloyal to their own principles. It would seem that Father Masse's concluding paragraphs implied that none of these things had yet been done. This implication, if true, is unfair to the record of the ACTU over five years and to the apostolic young men and women who have sacrificed their talents in its behalf.

And the ACTU does not maintain that it is the only group working in this way—there are other groups and individuals throughout the nation.

Mount Vernon, N. Y.

REV. T. J. DARBY

TAMING THE BRUTE, SCIENCE

EDITOR: I agree in part with John Marks' letter, *Scientific Straw Men* (AMERICA, August 1) only in so much as Catholics are not as active in academic and industrial spheres of science as they should be.

There is too much metaphysics confusing the realities of the role of science in the world today as interpreted by some Catholic writers.

But it has been gratifying to read articles popularizing science in AMERICA; such articles are rare in Catholic publications. I recall one or two in AMERICA not so long ago which were excellent.

I say there is a great need for Catholic magazines like AMERICA to make Catholics appreciate that they must do more than philosophize about science.

Science would not be the bogey it is, if more Catholics would take up scientific careers and make their religion felt among the scientists.

Philadelphia, Pa.

R. J. DAMERON

GERMANY AND THE FOURTEEN POINTS

EDITOR: Mr. H.J.C., in answering my letter, *Versailles Not So Raw*, of July 4, has made some very questionable statements. (*Raw Deal at Versailles*, AMERICA, August 1.) He maintains that Germany actually paid twelve and a half billion dollars to the victors. According to the Lincoln Library of Essential Information, published in 1940, they paid in cash and kind around nine billion dollars; the Germans took that much loot out of France, Belgium and Russia.

And then H.J.C. goes on to say: "All her colonies were taken away . . . hence her markets were gone." This is indeed the greatest of all modern fairy tales.

because the German colonies were a liability and not an asset. German Nationals positively refused to settle in Africa . . . they preferred countries like the United States, where the hardships were not so great. Consequently only Germans in official capacity could be found there, and they had no choice in the matter.

Germany's markets before the war had been in Britain, Austria-Hungary, Russia, the Netherlands, Switzerland, France and the United States. Many of these markets, as we now all know, were taken over by Germany's chief pupils and bosom friends, the Japs.

On January 8, 1918, President Wilson first mentioned the Fourteen Points in an address to a joint session of Congress, and exactly fourteen days later the German Chancellor, Count von Hertling, gave his answer in a speech to the Reichstag by dissecting the Fourteen Points.

Then came the breakdown of Russia and the very shameful peace at Brest-Litovsk . . . a peace which had nothing in common with the Fourteen Points. The German generals shouted: "We are the victors and we dictate this peace." By the terms of Brest-Litovsk, Russia had to cede to Germany and her Allies approximately 400,000 square miles of territory, containing a population of almost 6,000,000. The treaty also contained economic agreements which practically gave Germany control of Russia's trade for an indefinite period. Then the Germans began to loot Russia in a grand way. President Wilson looked with dismay upon this greedy spectacle, and in no uncertain terms he mentioned this in an address of April 6, 1918, at Baltimore, on the opening of the Third Liberty Loan campaign.

I remember quite well how Wilson's Fourteen Points were ridiculed in Germany after the fall of Russia. The Germans began to rattle the sword again and started a new offensive. But then nature stepped in . . . there were too many hungry people. Behind the front, and on the front the morale began to crumble. Especially in the Navy Zeppelin Division where I was stationed, things began to happen which ended in open revolt.

The military leaders grew panicky and remembered Wilson's Fourteen Points, exactly nine months after they had been offered. What could they expect after Brest-Litovsk?

Evanston, Ill.

LUDWIG GREIN

PRACTICAL GOOD-NEIGHBORLINESS

EDITOR: The alumnae of Brescia College (formerly Ursuline College) in New Orleans were delighted to read Miss Mary Agnes Felin's suggestions in a letter in the July 11 issue of AMERICA, for we had already adopted them. In her plans for good-neighborliness in answer to an article by Señor Hernane Tavares de Sa, she outlined a program for nationwide Catholic organizations. The International Federation of Catholic Alumnae in New Orleans and more particularly the alumnae of Brescia College have formed Inter-American Cultural Groups and have outlined plans of action.

The Brescia group has held a series of Inter-American Cultural Hours, the last of which, in July, was held in a downtown hotel. At the first two, members of the alumnae spoke and Latin-American friends acted as mistresses of ceremonies. At the last, this was reversed, and our speakers were the Bolivian consul and a meteorologist from Costa Rica.

Brescia has agreed to give an annual scholarship to one Latin-American student. Though this is not an exchange, it is near to Miss Felin's suggestion. The I.F.C.A. has encouraged the other academies and colleges in the city to offer similar scholarships.

In encouraging other groups to try a practical course of Catholic Action directed toward good-neighborliness, I am pleased to say that Brescia has received excellent cooperation from newspapers and other agencies including radio.

We would like to know what others have done.

New Orleans, La.

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EVENTS

POLICE were active. . . . At Olean, N. Y., a gendarme observed two men running out of a bank with packages of banknotes and bags of coins. Believing a hold-up had occurred, he covered the pair with his gun, only to discover the two men were the deputy sheriff and a bank employe taking payrolls to a flood-stricken area. . . . An Ohio patrolman on night duty perceived a man on a roof attempting to raise a second-story window. The policeman fired over the man's head, was about to pull the trigger again, when a woman's voice screamed: "Don't shoot, that's my husband." Hubby had forgotten his key. . . . While police were raiding a place in Connecticut, the telephone rang. Picking up the receiver, an officer heard a voice on the wire crying: "Beat it, right away. The cops are going to break in." . . . Red men colored the news. . . . In Idaho, a Nez Percé Indian chief, proclaiming a great tribal feast, commanded: "Tell my people to bring their own sugar." . . . A Montana postmistress located near an Indian reservation explained the difficulties connected with delivering mail to Indians. She declared: "White people with names like John Jones, etc., are much easier to find than Indians. Imagine the fix I'm in when I get letters addressed to Sitting Pretty Gopher, All Around the Sky Chippeway, Sitting Greener Spreadkings, Chief Goes Out, Four Horns and White Sky, and so forth." . . . Ailments were reported. . . . A Midwesterner named Early Bird, Jr., was taken down with tapeworms. . . . Manifestation of criminal tendencies occurred. . . . In Texas, burglars broke into the safe of a coal company, appropriated the cash, left a note reading: "You have contributed to the Greek cause." . . .

Dips From Life. . . . A courthouse clock in Williamsport, Pa., requiring an hour to wind. . . . A Rhode Island grocer reclaiming his ancient wagon from the County Museum where it has been on exhibit, explaining that scarcity of gasoline necessitates his using the museum piece for the delivery of groceries. . . . A twenty-seven-year-old wedding cake baked during the first World War being cut during the second. . . . A nineteen-year-old girl in Los Angeles applying for a divorce, complaining that her husband's cruelty had caused her to lose fifteen pounds. The judge granting the divorce, remarking: "I've been wondering for twenty-two years why the only time a woman complains about losing weight is when she wants a divorce. Any other time she boasts about it." . . . The telephone system in a Pennsylvania district being disrupted on five different occasions because hunters shooting at game hit the telephone wires instead. . . . Denver, Colo., discovering it has a fifty-year-old ordinance forbidding daytime window washing. The City Council repealing the venerable law, the Mayor vetoing the repeal, explaining: "There should be some way to govern things so sidewalks won't be littered with washed-off advertising material and puddles of water." . . . A Chicago woman making an "historical crazy quilt" from the personal clothes of such celebrities as President Roosevelt, the Dionne quintuplets, Charles Evans Hughes, Haile Selassie, Shirley Temple, scores of others. . . .

A report released by the FBI revealed that 12,991 nineteen-year-old youths—more individuals than in any other age group—were arrested during the first six months of 1942. . . . The nineteen-year-olds have led all other age groups in crime for six of the last nine years. Next highest to the nineteen-year-olds in the matter of crime are the youths of eighteen. In third place are the boys of twenty-one. In fourth place, those of twenty. . . . It appears there is something wrong with the training of youth.

THE PARADER